ACME

FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION

NO. 3

TALES OF WONDER

50¢

BEYOND THE SINGING FLAME
by CLARK ASHTON SMITH

•

THE MAN WHO AWOKE
by LAURENCE MANNING

•

THE LAST AMERICAN
by J. A. MITCHELL

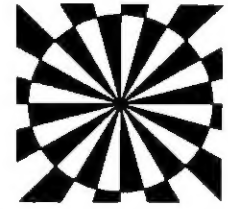
•

DISOWNED
by VICTOR ENDERSBY

This is a "Psycho-Pictogram" –

With it you can instantly begin to draw money, friends, and anything else you want into your life . . .

IT CAN MAKE YOU VASTLY RICHER THAN YOU EVER DREAMED OF BEING!



YOURS TO EXAMINE FREE—FOR 10 DAYS

Here's news about a revolutionary MATERIALIZATION method, based on a new metaphysical discovery, and now available for the first time in a new book! Yes! Now, for the first time time, one of the most famous and celebrated investigators in the history of psychic research unveils the secret of the ages: *how to materialize your thoughts and desires to get what you want from life!*

Called "PSYCHO-PICTOGRAPHY," this amazing technique can change your entire life instantly – from the very moment you let it go to work for you – magnetically pulling wealth, love, warm friendship, glorious new vitality and lifelong happiness into your life, as if you owned Aladdin's magic lamp!

PSYCHO-PICTOGRAPHY by Vernon Howard – *one of the most exciting and valuable books you will ever read – shows how to work these miracles in your own life!*

- **HOW TO GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING – how to materialize all your fondest dreams – make your dreams come true! How to really, actually *double* your wealth, and *keep on multiplying it* AUTOMATICALLY – ENDLESSLY!**
- **HOW TO BRING PEOPLE TO YOU – summon friends, bring love into your life, even "command" long lost friends to return . . . how to keep expanding your circle of loyal acquaintances until you have surrounded yourself with an admiring army of true friends and enthusiastic boosters!**
- **HOW TO DISSOLVE EVIL – negate schemes against you, perpetuated by others—destroy cruel influences of enemies, unfriendly neighbors, jealous co-workers – virtually rid your life forever of "natural" misfortunes like hard luck or ill health – with your *All-Conquering Gaze!***
- **HOW TO MENTALLY INFLUENCE OTHERS – command obedience and get people to do your will *without uttering a word or lifting a finger!* Plus astounding secrets of mental power – how to use your "Mind Television" to profit—focus new alertness and strength with your "Mental Binoculars" – all this, and much, much more!**

HOW "PSYCHO-PICTOGRAPHY" WAS DISCOVERED – AND HOW IT WORKS

Vernon Howard, discoverer of this amazing new mental science, is a famous metaphysicist and author. Early in life he began a lifelong search for the scientific basis of occult mysticism. His travels and studies carried him from Lapland to the mysterious Congo . . . from lost civilizations of prehistoric times, to the far reaches of modern science . . . from Alchemy to the weird powers of Zoroaster. After years of study and scientific research, he found – to his astonishment – the key to the MATERIALIZATION OF THOUGHT. Bewildered by the fantastic power he had demonstrated, he wondered – was this some accident, some fluke? Could it be repeated? And – most importantly – *could others be taught to perform these miracles of mind?*

He discovered that the key to unlocking the powerhouse of the Subconscious Mind lies in a simple fact: *the Subconscious is triggered into action by PICTURES, far faster than by words.*

Since that moment he has experimented with a series of mental Visual Images – tested them on over one thousand men and women from all walks of life. People with no greater education than yourself. People both young and old. Men and women without any particular Psychic gift. He discovered the technique of PSCYHO-PICTOGRAPHY works. It always works. Quite literally, it CANNOT FAIL, because it operates as mechanically as any other Law of Nature.

CASE HISTORIES PROVE MENTAL POWERS

JOSEPH R. was virtually crippled with a serious disease – so feeble he could scarcely walk. Using the *Fifth Pictograph* (from the series of 94 Vernon Howard has thus far tested and proven) he *erased* his ills one by one – washed his body clean of impurities, aches and miseries, regaining a glorious floodtide of strength!

PHIL McC. sought a bank loan for his urgent debts. "Almost jokingly" (as he later admitted) he invoked the power of the *Eleventh Pictograph*. Entering the bank, he discovered to his utter astonishment an unknown benefactor had placed a *mysterious gift of two thousand dollars* in his bank account!

STANLEY J. has never found making friends easy. Forced into a lonely, barren life which denied him companionship, love, even job advancement, he used the Thirty-second and Fifty-sixth Pictographs over a period of thirteen consecutive days. Today he is engaged to marry a charming young woman, and has a host of new friends.

READ AND USE THIS AMAZING BOOK AT OUR RISK FOR TEN DAYS

But prove the miraculous power of "PSYCHO-PICTOGRAPHY" to *your own* satisfaction. Return the coupon below, and we will send a fresh new copy of Mr. Howard's exciting new book at once. Try his system for yourself – and see what happens in YOUR life, when the weird, symbolic Pictographs trigger into thrilling life the sleeping forces dormant within your own mind!

MAIL 10 DAY FREE EXAMINATION COUPON TODAY

NORFOLK-HILL, LTD. **Dept. AD-S 1**
35 Ninth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

Yes! Send me a Free Trial copy of Vernon Howard's "Psycho-Pictography: The New Way to Use the Miracle Power of Your Mind." I will read and use the book for 10 days – then either remit $5.95 plus small postage-handling, and keep the book – or return the volume and owe nothing, pay nothing.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP# .....

☐ Enclosed $ ..... ☐ Charge my Diner's Club Acct. # .....

SAVE MONEY! Send $5.95 with coupon and publisher pays ALL postage, shipping and handling charges for you! Refund guaranteed if you decide to return the book.

$70,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

"Your $1,200.00 check arrived this morning by Special Delivery. Thanks ever so much for your telephone call and prompt payment. It still doesn't seem possible. It's been a great thrill."

That's the way Emory Mead of Albany, N. Y., just one of our many big winners, reacted to receiving his cash prize. Dozens of men and women of all ages have cashed in as members of our exciting PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB.

Our Club winners got their cash awards for solving puzzles in their leisure time. Our Club also has awarded huge prizes for many other kinds of contests.

We've awarded cash in hundred-and-thousand-dollar units to retirees, sewing women, farmers, salesmen, war veterans, office workers, clerks, secretaries — people who never before dreamed of having the kind of money that movie stars make.

This announcement is an invitation to you, as a reader of this publication, to find out for yourself if you have the talent to win up to $70,000.00 in cash. If you are over 18 and like to play word games of any kind, the information below may lead you to thousands of dollars in extra cash that you may use as you wish.

"I still can hardly believe it," Mrs. H. C. Despain of Houston, Tex., wrote us after receiving $1,000.00 in cash as one month's winnings. She is a seamstress who works [illegible]

Raymond [illegible] who is a [illegible] Club member, [illegible] Then, [illegible] puzzles [illegible]

"I was amazed to learn I won $500.00," said Mrs. Florence Humphrey of Cincinnati. "The prize money came at a handy time as I had some debts to pay off. Thank you."

WIN CASH · MAIL NOW

YOU Can WIN Each Month!

Members of our Club win cash prizes at home, just by solving puzzles and entering Club contests. They turn an educational and enjoyable hobby into pure profit. **You can too!**

Your chief advantage in contests sponsored by our PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB is that you have only limited competition. Only members of the Club may compete and win.

In 1963 we offered our members $35,000.00. We actually paid out more cash than we said we would—$35,511.25, to be exact. In 1964, we again offered $35,000.00. Again, we paid out more than we promised—$40,778.11. And now we're offering our members $70,000.00 in cash prizes. Most contest groups offer about $4,500 or $5,000 a year. **Our Club gives you the opportunity to win double that every month!**

As a member of our Club you will be eligible to enter every cash prize contest we sponsor and you'll get at least four new contests each month. You'll have three weeks to solve each set of contests. One week after the deadline, you'll receive a new copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper** with names and addresses of all winners, correct solutions, and your new puzzle contests. When YOU win, you receive your prize within two weeks.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY OUR CONTESTS AND SEE IF YOU HAVE THE TALENT TO WIN

The coupon below will bring you, absolutely FREE, a sample copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper**, the only newspaper in the world exclusively devoted to contests (and it's published for members only). When your free copy of our newspaper arrives, sit down in a quiet place and read about our winners, our prizes, our contests. Try our stimulating word games to see if you can do them. You are under no obligation to enter our contests. If you do decide to go after our cash, there are no boxtops, no jingles to complete, nothing to buy.

Clip the coupon now and please be sure to print your name and address clearly. Then read about $1,000.00 winners like Mrs. Belle Smith of Yakima, Wash. Discover how hundreds of other members cashed in just by doing our puzzles in their spare time. Find out all about this exciting and profitable hobby now. You may receive your first big prize in a few weeks.

AFFIX THIS COUPON TO POSTCARD FOR FAST HANDLING OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE.

PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB Box 2, Prince Street Station, New York City 10012

Gentlemen,

Send me a free copy of your newspaper plus all details on your cash prize contests. I am under absolutely no obligation to pay anything. If I join the Club I may compete for all prizes and spend the cash I win any way I want.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

89

ENJOY YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN HOME AND WIN EXTRA CASH!

FAMOUS
SCIENCE FICTION
TALES OF WONDER

Volume 1 *Number 3*

CONTENTS FOR SUMMER

NOVELETS

BEYOND THE SINGING FLAME ..... *Clark Ashton Smith* 8
THE LAST AMERICAN ..... *J. A. Mitchell* 54
THE MAN WHO AWOKE ..... *Laurence Manning* 80

SHORT STORIES

A SINGLE ROSE ..... *Jon DeCles* 30
DISOWNED ..... *Victor Endersby* 34

DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL ..... *Robert A. W. Lowndes* 5
Continuing the discussion of standards in science fiction: "Science Fiction as Propaganda".
THE RECKONING 120
DOWN TO EARTH 121

While the greatest diligence has been used to ascertain the owners of rights, and to secure necessary permissions, the editor and publisher wish to offer their apologies in any possible case of accidental infringements.

Cover by Virgil Finlay

Robert A. W. Lowndes, *Editor*

FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, Vol. 1, No. 3, Summer 1967 (whole number 3). Published quarterly by Health Knowledge, Inc. Executive and editorial offices at 119 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. 10003. Single copy 50c. Manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes will be carefully considered but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or damage. © 1967 by Health Knowledge, Inc. All rights reserved under Universal International and Pan American Copyright conventions. Printed in U. S. A.

editorial

Standards In Science Fiction

Science Fiction As Propaganda

"PROPAGANDA" HAS become a dirty word in our times, and a glance at *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary* easily shows why. The 3rd meaning it lists for this word is: "ideas, facts or allegations spread deliberately to further one's cause or to damage an opposing cause; . . ." What comes to mind most readily when we hear the word is the promulgation of falsehoods, or partial truths distorted in such a way as to deceive people, to exploit their good emotions — or to arouse their destructive ones — and channel these toward an objective which is rarely spelled out in its full implications. The readers or hearers are supposed to be convinced that following the course of action which the propaganda urges will do good in some sense of the word. If on the surface, what is proposed does not seem to be good, then positive benefits will be promised great enough to outweigh any evil involved. And the most cunning propaganda is that which succeeds in persuading the reader or hearer that something he might have considered evil really is good.

The most desirable propaganda, of course, is that which enlarges or strengthens the hearer's or reader's already cor-

rect conception of good as you define good and increases his desire to do it. Propaganda, then, *can* be a constructive thing, and you do not find very much co-operative human activity without it in some form or another.

In our last issue, we considesred science fiction as instruction — that is, science fiction written mainly to teach, to transmit information or attitudes or both. Very strictly speaking, this could also be considered propaganda, but such strictness just isn't useful; it is more useful to consider propaganda as a different function in fiction. Science fiction written as instruction must contain emotional elements if we are going to have a story at all, but its primary function is to transmit facts; science fiction written as propaganda may indeed transmit facts, but its primary function is to arouse emotiion and point this emotion in a more or less specific direction.

We found that science fiction certainly can be instructive; like all other fiction, it is a medium through which facts can flow from the writer to the reader — but there is a very basic difficulty. Where, for example, an artistically satisfying novel can be written with the purpose of transmitting historical facts to the reader, science fiction, by nature, must deal in the end with non-facts, not-yet facts, perhaps-facts. That which is already so (insofar as the writer knows at the time) can be gotten across well enough; in this sense, he is writing history — electricity has always been a fact in the universe, but human beings' encounter with it and the gradual discovery of its nature and uses are history as well as science. Somewhere in the course of a work of science fiction, there is a transition from the known to the not-yet or the perhaps. But for the author of the story to tell the reader explicitly each time exactly where he is transposing from fact to speculation, so that the reader will never be confused between the two elements, would be like having the curtain closed every now and then during the course of a play while the playwright steps out onto the stage to deliver a brief homily or instruction. It all might add up to an interesting, even beneficial experience for the audience — but you would not have a play.

To fulfill its function as fiction, the reader must be kept in the story, as story, from beginning to end; if the spell is deliberately broken by the auor, for whatever reason, then you have a hybrid form. It may be very artistic and valuable; for me, Tolstoy's *War and Peace* is artistic and valuable, but the author's frequent interruptions to discourse on this and that

makes the novel something else than fiction.

But where the author of "instructive" science fiction fails to differentiate between the "known" and the "perhaps" he undermines his purpose. The reader who is already instructed is adequately protected from confusing the "perhaps" with the "known"; but the story was written for the uninstructed reader, the very person most likely to be misled.

I don't mean to imply that there never have been science fiction stories in which there were not clear lines of demarcation between the known and the speculative, but these were very little more than essays in narrative form, and rather sad examples of fiction.

THERE IS NO such problem for the writer who produces a work of science fiction as propaganda; his intent is to arouse emotion and channel it in a specific direction from which, he hopes, action will ensue. If his story is widely circulated, and he sees the attitudes he sought to inculcate popping up, and the sort of actions he recommended being taken, the writer can feel that his efforts have been successful.

What he cannot know is precisely to what extent his story has been the catalyst. There would have been a secession of the Slave States from the Federal Union, even if Harriet Beecher Stowe had not written *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* or it had not been widely circulated and read. When Abraham Lincoln met Mrs. Stowe and greeted her with something like, "So this is the little lady who caused this great war," he was exaggerating, but not giving an entirely false impression. There is every reason to believe that there would have been a Confederacy and a war anyway; but without the book, certain details would have taken different shape.

Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* may have been far more crucial, since the continuation of the Colonists' struggle for independence was a very touchy thing, and very close to collapse many times before the momentum of events put the odds in America's favor. Paine's pamphlet appeared at one of these times; but *Common Sense* was not written as fiction.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is also an example of what most people think of as propaganda. While based in the truth that, even under the best conditions (and there was a spectrum running between the best and the worst in the Old South, even though the best there could not be as good as the best in the Roman Empire) chattel slavery is dehumanizing, it presented a

(turn to page 111)

BEYOND THE SINGING FLAME

by CLARK ASHTON SMITH

(author of *The City Of Singing Flame*)

There could be no peace, no rest for him until he returned to that strange world and learned the secret of the city . . .

WHEN I, Philip Hastane, gave to the world the journal of my friend Giles Angarth,* I was still doubtful as to whether the incidents related therein were fiction or verity. The trans-dimensional adventures of Angarth and Felix Ebbonly, the city of the Flame with its strange residents and pilgrims, the immolation of Ebbonly, and the hinted return of the narrator himself for a like purpose after making the last entry in his diary, were very much the sort of thing that Angarth might have imagined in one of the fantastic novels for which he had become so justly famous.

Add to this the seemingly impossible and incredible nature of the whole tale, and my hesitancy in accepting it as veridical will easily be understood.

However, on the other hand, there was the unsolved and eternally recalcitrant enigma of-

**The City of Singing Flame,* in issue Number One (Winter 1966/67) of FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION.

Copyright 1931 by Gernsback Publications, Inc.; Copyright 1942 by Clark Ashton Smith; by permission of Arkham House.

While the name CLARK ASHTON SMITH popped up in WEIRD TALES on poetry in the July-August 1923 issue, his first-published story there was *The Ninth Skeleton* in the September 1928 issue. It would be two years before he began to appear regularly, starting with *The End of The Story* in the May 1930 issue. And 1930 was the year that science fictionists who knew not WEIRD TALES first heard of him: *Marooned In Andromeda* was the cover and lead-off tale for the October 1930 issue of WONDER STORIES. The portrait of the author and Frank R. Paul's cover stuck in our memory better than the story itself; and *An Adventure Into Futurity*, in the April 1931 issue, did not make a much more lasting impression. But *The City of Singing Flame* displayed the true value of the author, and the subsequent contributions to WONDER STORIES were all of high quality. (A sequel to the Andromeda tale appeared in WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY, Summer 1931, and Smith's working up of a reader's plot was in the Fall 1931 issue of the same magazine; another tale was issued in Gernsback's series of science fiction booklets. For my taste all three of these are inferior Smith, though good in relation to the average story of the time.) Only two Smith stories appeared in science fiction magazines other than the *Wonder* titles in the 30's: *The Plutonian Drug*, AMAZING STORIES, September 1934, and *The Demon Of The Flower*, ASTOUNDING STORIES, December 1933. The last-named tale is not science fiction; when Street & Smith revived ASTOUNDING STORIES, both science fiction and weird tales were run in the first three issues.

fered by the disappearance of the two men. Both were well known, the one as a writer, the other as an artist; both were in flourishing circumstances, with no serious cares or troubles; and their vanishment, all things considered, was difficult to explain on the ground of any motive less unusual or extraordinary than the one assigned in the journal.

At first, as I have hinted in my foreword to the published diary, I thought that the whole affair might well have been devised as a somewhat elaborate practical joke; but this theory became less and less tenable as weeks and months went by and linked themselves slowly into a year, without the reappearance of the presumptive jokers.

Now, at last, I can testify to the truth of all that Angarth wrote — and more. For I too have been in Ydmos, the City of Singing Flame, and have known also the supernal glories and raptures of the Inner Dimension. And of these I must tell, however falteringly and stumblingly, with mere human words, before the vision fades. For these are things which neither I nor any other shall b e h o l d or experience again. Ydmos itself is now a riven ruin, and the temple of the Flame has been blasted to its foundations in the basic rock, and the fountain of singing fire has been stricken at its source. The Inner Dimension has perished like a broken bubble, in the great war that was made upon Ydmos by

the rulers of the Outer Lands. . . .

AFTER EDITING and publishing Angarth's journal, I was unable to forget the peculiar and tantalizing problems it had raised. The vague but infinitely suggestive vistas opened by the tale were such as to haunt my imagination recurrently with a hint of half-revealed or hidden mysteries. I was troubled by the possibility of some great mystic meaning behind it all — some cosmic actuality of which the narrator had perceived merely the external veils and fringes.

As time went on, I found myself pondering it perpetually; and more and more I was possessed by an overwhelming wonder, and a sense of something which no mere fiction-weaver would have been likely to invent.

In the early summer of 1931, after finishing a new novel of interplanetary adventure, I felt able for the first time to take the necessary leisure for the execution of a project that had often occurred to me. Putting all my affairs in order, and knitting all the loose ends of my literary labors and personal correspondence in case I should not return, I left Auburn ostensibly for a week's vacation. I went to Summit with the idea of investigating closely the milieu in which Angarth and Ebbonly had disappeared from human ken.

With strange emotions, I visited the forsaken cabin south of Crater Ridge that had been occupied by Angarth, and saw the rough, home-made table of pine boards upon which my friend had written his journal and had left the sealed package containing it to be forwarded to me after his departure.

There was a weird and brooding loneliness about the place, as if the non-human infinitudes had already claimed it for their own. The unlocked door had sagged inward from the pressure of high-piled winter snows, and fir-needles had sifted across the sill to strew the unswept floor. Somehow, I know not why, the bizarre narrative became more real and more credible to me, as if an occult intimation of all that had happened to its author still lingered around the cabin.

This mysterious intimation grew stronger when I came to visit Crater Ridge itself, and to search amid its miles of pseudo-volcanic rubble for the two boulders so explicitly described by Angarth as having a likeness to the pedestals of ruined columns.

Many of my readers, no doubt, will remember his description of the Ridge; and there is no need to enlarge upon it with reiterative detail, other than that which bears upon my own adventures.

FOLLOWING THE northward path which Angarth must have taken from his cabin, and trying to retrace his wanderings on the long, barren hill, I combed it thoroughly from end to end and from side to side, since he had not specified the location of the boulders. After two mornings spent in this manner without result, I was almost ready to abandon the quest and dismiss the queer, soapy, greenish-gray column-ends as one of Angarth's most provocative and deceptive fictions.

It must have been the formless, haunting intuition of which I have spoken, that made me renew the search on a third morning. This time, after crossing and re-crossing the hilltop for an hour or more, and weaving tortuously to and fro among the cicada-haunted wild currant bushes and sunflowers on the dusty slopes, I came at last to an open, circular, rock-surrounded space that was totally unfamiliar. I had somehow missed it in all my previous roamings. It was the place of which Angarth had told; and I saw with an inexpressible thrill the two rounded, worn-looking boulders that were situated in the center of the ring.

I believe that I trembled a little with excitement as I went forward to inspect the curious stones. Bending over, but not daring to enter the bare, pebbly space between them, I touched one of them with my hand, and received a sensation of preternatural smoothness, together with a coolness that was inexplicable, considering that the boulders and the soil about them must have lain unshaded from the sultry August sun for many hours.

From that moment, I became fully persuaded that Angarth's account was no mere fable. Just why I should have felt so certain of this, I am powerless to say. But it seemed to me that I stood on the threshold of an ultra-mundane mystery, on the brink of uncharted gulfs. I looked about at the familiar Sierran valleys and mountains, wondering that they still preserved their wonted outlines, and were still unchanged by the contiguity of alien worlds, were still untouched by the luminous glories of arcanic dimensions.

Being convinced that I had indeed found the gateway between the worlds, I was prompted to strange reflections. What, and where, was this other sphere to which my friend had obtained entrance? Was it near at hand, like a secret room in the structure of space? Or was it, in reality, millions or trillions of light-years away by the reckoning of astronomic distance, in a planet of some ulterior galaxy?

After all, we know little or nothing of the actual nature of space; and perhaps, in some way that we cannot imagine, the in-

finite is doubled upon itself in places, with dimensional folds and tucks, and shortcuts whereby the distance to Algenib or Aldebaran is merely a step. Perhaps, also there is more than one infinity. The spectral "flaw" into which Angarth had fallen might well be a sort of superdimension, abridging the cosmic intervals and connecting universe with universe.

However, because of this very certitude that I had found the inter-spheric portals, and could follow Angarth and Ebbonly if I so desired, I hesitated before trying the experiment. I was mindful of the mystic danger and irrefragable lure that had overcome the others. I was consumed by imaginative curiosity, by an avid, well-nigh feverish longing to behold the wonders of this exotic realm; but I did not purpose to become a victim to the opiate power and fascination of the Singing Flame.

I stood for a long time, eyeing the old boulders and the barren, pebble-littered spot that gave admission to the unknown. At length I went away, deciding to defer my venture till the following morn. Visualizing the weird doom to which the others had gone so voluntarily and even gladly, I must confess that I was afraid. On the other hand, I was drawn by the fateful allurement that leads an explorer into far places . . . . and perhaps by something more than this.

I slept badly that night, with nerves and brain excited by formless, glowing premonitions, by intimations of half-conceived perils and splendors and vastnesses. Early the next morning, while the sun was still hanging above the Nevada Mountains, I returned to Crater Ridge.

I CARRIED a strong hunting-knife and a Colt revolver, and wore a filled cartridge-belt, and also knapsack containing sandwiches and a thermos bottle of coffee. Before starting, I had stuffed my ears tightly with cotton soaked in a new anaesthetic fluid, mild but efficacious, which would serve to deafen me completely for many hours. In this way, I felt that I should be immune to the demoralizing music of the fiery fountain.

I peered about on the rugged landscape with its weird and far-flung vistas, wondering if I should ever see it again. Then, resolutely, but with the eerie thrilling and shrinking of one who throws himself from a high cliff into some bottomless chasm, I stepped forward into the space b e t w e e n the grayish-green boulders.

My sensations, g e n e r a l l y speaking, were similar to those described by Angarth in his diary. Blackness and illimitable emptiness seemed to wrap me around in a dizzy swirl as of rushing wind or milling water, and I went down and down in

a spiral descent whose duration I have never been able to estimate. Intolerably stifled, and without even the power to gasp for breath, in the chill, airless vacuum that froze my very muscles and marrow, I felt that I should lose consciousness in another moment, and descend into the greater gulf of death or oblivion.

Something seemed to arrest my fall, and I became aware that I was standing still, though I was troubled for some time by a queer doubt as to whether my position was vertical, horizontal, or upside-down in relation to the solid substance that my feet had encountered.

Then the blackness lifted slowly like a dissolving cloud, and I saw the slope of violet grass, the rows of irregular monoliths running downward from where I stood, and the gray-green c o l u m n s near at hand. Beyond was the titan, perpendicular city of red stone that was dominant above the high and multi-colored vegetation of the plain.

It was all very much as Angarth had depicted it; but somehow, even then, I became aware of differences that were not immediately or clearly definable, of scenic details and atmospheric elements for which his accounts had not prepared me. And, at the moment, I was too thoroughly disequilibrated and overpowered by the vision of it all to even speculate concerning the character of these differences.

AS I GAZED at the city with its crowding tiers of battlements and its multitude of overlooming spires, I felt the invisible threads of a secret attraction, was seized by an imperative longing to know the mysteries hidden behind the massive walls and the myriad buildings. Then, a moment later, my gaze was drawn to the remote, opposite horizon of the plain, as if by some conflicting impulse whose nature and origin were undiscoverable.

It must have been because I had formed so clear and definite a picture of the scene from my friend's narrative, that I was surprised and even a little disturbed as if by something wrong or irrelevant, when I saw in the far distance the shining towers of what seemed to be another city — a city of which Angarth had not spoken. The towers rose in serried lines, reaching for many miles in a curious arc-like formation, and were sharply defined against a blackish mass of cloud that had reared behind them and was spreading out on the luminous amber sky in sullen webs and sinister, crawling filaments.

Subtle disquietude and repulsion seemed to emanate from the far-off, glittering spires, even as attraction emanated from

those of the nearer city. I saw them quiver and pulse with an evil light, like living and moving things, through what I assumed to be some refractive trick of the atmosphere. Then for an instant, the black cloud behind them glowed with dull, angry crimson throughout its whole mass, and even its questing webs and tendrils were turned into lurid threads of fire.

The crimson faded, leaving the cloud inert and lumpish as before. But from many of the vanward towers, lines of red and violet flame had leaped like outthrust lances at the bosom of the plain beneath them. They were held thus for at least a minute, moving slowly across a wide area, before they vanished. In the spaces between the towers, I now perceived a multitude of gleaming, restless particles, like armies of militant atoms, and wondered if perchance they were living beings. If the idea had not appeared so fantastical, I could have sworn even then that the far city had already changed its position and was advancing toward the other on the plain.

Apart from the fulguration of the cloud, and the flames that had sprung from the towers, and the quiverings which I deemed a refractive phenomenon, the whole landscape b e f o r e and about me was unnaturally still. On the strange amber air of the Tyrian-tinted grasses, on the proud, opulent foliage of the unknown trees, there lay the dead calm that precedes the stupendous turmoil of typhonic storm or seismic cataclysm. The brooding sky was permeated with intuitions of cosmic menace, was weighed down by a dim, elemental despair.

2

ALARMED BY this ominous atmosphere, I looked behind me at the two pillars which, according to Angarth, were the gateway of return to the human world. For an instant, I was tempted to go back. Then I turned once more to the nearby city; and the feelings I have just mentioned were lost in an oversurging awesomeness and wonder. I felt the thrill of a deep, supernal exaltation before the magnitude of the mighty buildings; a compelling sorcery was laid upon me by the very lines of their construction, by the harmonies of a solemn architectural music. I forgot my impulse to return to Crater Ridge, and started down the slope toward the city.

Soon the boughs of the purple and yellow forest arched above me like the altitudes of Titan-builded aisles, with leaves that fretted the rich heaven in gorgeous arabesques. Beyond them, ever and anon, I caught glimpses of the piled ramparts of my destination; but looking back, in the

direction of that other city on the horizon, I found that its fulgurating towers were now lost to view.

I saw, however, that the masses of the great somber cloud were rising steadily on the sky; and once again they flared to a swart, malignant red, as if with some unearthly form of sheet-lightning; and though I could hear nothing with my deadened ears, the ground beneath me trembled with long vibrations as of thunder. There was a queer quality in the vibrations, that seemed to tear my nerves and set my teeth on edge with its throbbing, lancinating discord, painful as broken glass or the torment of a tightened rack.

Like Angarth before me, I came to the paved Cyclopean highway. Following it, in the stillness after the unheard peals of thunder, I felt another and subtler vibration, which I knew to be that of the Singing Flame in the temple at the city's core. It seemed to soothe and exalt and bear me on, to erase with soft caresses the ache that still lingered in my nerves from the torturing pulsations of the thunder.

I met no one on the road, and was not passed by any of the trans-dimensional pilgrims, such as had overtaken Angarth. And when the accumulated ramparts loomed above the highest trees, and I came forth from the wood in their very shadow, I saw that the great gate of the city was closed, leaving no crevice through which a pygmy like myself might obtain entrance.

Feeling a profound and peculiar discomfiture, such as one would experience in a dream that had gone wrong, I stared at the grim, unrelenting blankness of the gate, which seemed to be wrought from one enormous sheet of sombre and lusterless metal. Then I peered upward at the sheerness of the wall, which rose above me like an alpine cliff, and saw that the battlements were seemingly deserted.

Was the city forsaken by its people, by the guardians of the Flame? Was it no longer open to the pilgrims who came from outlying lands to worship the Flame, and to immolate themselves? With curious reluctance, after lingering there for many minutes in a sort of stupor, I turned away to retrace my steps.

In the interim of my journey, the black cloud had drawn immeasurably nearer, and was now blotting half the heaven with two portenous wing-like formations. It was a sinister and terrible sight; and it lightened again with that ominous wrathful flaming, with a detonation that beat upon my deaf ears like waves of disintegrative force, and seemed to lacerate the inmost fibers of my body.

I hesitated, fearing that the storm would burst upon me be-

fore I could reach the interdimensional portals. I saw that I should be exposed to an elemental disturbance of unfamiliar character and supreme violence.

Then, in mid-air, before the imminent, ever-rising cloud, I perceived two flying creatures, whom I can compare only to gigantic moths. With bright, luminous wings, upon the ebon forefront of the storm, they approached me in level but precipitate flight, and would have crashed headlong against the shut gate, if they had not checked themselves with sudden and easy poise.

With hardly a flutter, they descended and paused on the ground beside me, supporting themselves on queer, delicate legs that branched at the knee-joints in floating antennae and waving tentacles. Their wings were sumptuously mottled webs of pearl and madder and opal and orange, and their heads were circled by a series of convex and concave eyes, and were fringed with coiling, horn-like organs from whose hollow ends there hung aerial filaments.

I was more than startled, more than amazed by their aspect; but somehow, by an obscure telepathy, I felt assured that their intentions toward me were friendly. I knew that they wished to enter the city, and knew also that they understood my predicament.

Nevertheless, I was not prepared for what happened. With movements of utmost celerity and grace, one of the giant moth-like beings stationed himself at my right hand, and the other at my left. Then, before I could even suspect their intention, they enfolded my limbs and body with their long tentacles, wrapping me round and round as if with powerful ropes; and carrying me between them as if my weight were a mere trifle, they rose in air and soared at the mighty ramparts!

IN THAT swift and effortless ascent, the wall seemed to flow downward beside and beneath us like a wave of molten stone. Dizzily I watched the falling away of the mammoth blocks in endless recession. Then we were level with the broad ramparts, were flying across the unguarded parapets and over a canyon-like space toward the immense rectangular buildings and numberless square towers.

We had hardly crossed the walls, when a weird and flickering glow was cast on the edifices before us by another lightening of the great cloud. The moth-like beings paid no apparent heed, and flew steadily on into the city with their strange faces toward an unseen goal. But, turning my head to peer backward at the storm, I beheld an astounding and appalling spectacle.

Beyond the city ramparts, as

if wrought by black magic or the toil of genii, another city had reared, and its high towers were moving swiftly forward beneath the rubescent dome of the burning cloud! A second glance, and I perceived that the towers were identical with those I had beheld afar on the plain. In the interim of my passage through the woods, they had travelled over an expanse of many miles by means of some unknown motive-power, and had closed in on the city of the Flame.

Looking more closely, to determine the manner of their locomotion, I saw that they were not mounted on wheels, but on short, massy legs like jointed columns of metal, that gave them the stride of ungainly colossi. There were six or more of these legs to each tower, and near the tops of the towers were rows of huge eye-like openings, from which issued the bolts of red and violet flame I have mentioned before.

The many-colored forest had been burned away by these flames in a league-wide swath of devastation, even to the walls, and there was nothing but a stretch of black, vaporing desert between the mobile towers and the city. Then, even as I gazed, the long, leaping beams began to assail the craggy ramparts, and the topmost parapets were melting like lava beneath them.

It was a scene of utmost terror and grandeur; but, a moment later, it was blotted from my v i s i o n by the buildings among which we had now plunged.

The great lepidopterous creatures who bore me went on with the speed of eyrie-questing eagles. In the course of that flight, I was hardly capable of conscious thought or volition, I lived only in the breathless and giddy freedom of aerial movement, of dream-like levitation above the labyrinthine maze of stone immensitudes and marvels.

Also, I was without conscious cognizance of much that I beheld in that stupendous Babel of architectural imageries; and only afterwards, in the more tranquil l i g h t of recollection, could I give coherent form and meaning to many of my impressions. My senses were stunned by the vastness and strangeness of it all; and I realized but dimly the cataclysmic ruin that was being loosed upon the city behind us, and the doom from which we were fleeing. I knew that war was being made with unearthly weapons and engineries, by inimical powers that I could not imagine, for a purpose beyond my conception; but to me, it all had the elemental confusion and vague, impersonal horror of some cosmic catastrophe.

WE FLEW deeper and deeper into the city. Broad, platform roofs and terrace-like tiers of balconies flowed away beneath us, and the pavements raced like darkling streams at some enormous depth. Severe cubicular spires and square monoliths were all about and above us; and we saw on some of the roofs the dark, Atlantean people of the city, moving slowly and statuesquely, or standing in attitudes of cryptic resignation and despair, with their faces toward the flaming cloud. All were weaponless, and I saw no engineries anywhere, such as might be used for purposes of military defense.

Swiftly as we flew, the climbing cloud was swifter, and the darkness of its intermittently glowing dome had overarched the town, its spidery filaments had meshed the further heavens and would soon attach themselves to the opposite horizon. The buildings darkened and lightened with the recurrent fulguration; and I felt in all my tissues the painful pulsing of the thunderous vibrations.

Dully and vaguely, I realized that the winged beings who carried me between them were pilgrims to the temple of the Flame. More and more I became aware of an influence that must have been that of the starry music emanating from the temple's heart. There were soft, soothing vibrations in the air, that seemed to absorb and nullify the tearing discords of the unheard thunder. I felt that we were entering a zone of mystic refuge, of sidereal and celestial security; and my troubled senses were both lulled and exalted.

The gorgeous wings of the giant lepidopters began to slant downward. Before and beneath us, at some distance, I perceived a mammoth pile which I knew at once for the temple of the Flame. Down, still down we went, in the awesome space of the surrounding square; and then I was borne in through the lofty ever-open entrance, and along the high hall with its thousand columns.

It was like some corridor in a Karnak of titan worlds. Pregnant with strange balsams, the dim, mysterious dusk enfolded us; and we seemed to be entering realms of premundane antiquity and transstellar immensity, to be following a pillared cavern that led to the core of some ultimate star.

It seemed that we were the last and only pilgrims; and also that the temple was deserted by its guardians; for we met no one in the whole extent of that column crowded gloom. After awhile, the dusk began to lighten, and we plunged into a widening beam of radiance, and then into the vast central chamber in which soared the fountain of green fire.

I remember only the impres-

sion of shadowy, flickering space, of a vault that was lost in the azure of infinity, of colossal and Memnonian statues that looked down from Himalaya-like altitudes; and, above all, the dazzling jet of flame that aspired from a pit in the pavement and rose in air like the visible rapture of gods.

But all this I saw and knew for an instant only. Then I realized that the beings who bore me were flying straight toward the flame on level wings, without the slightest pause or flutter of hesitation!

THERE WAS no room for fear, no time for alarm, in the dazed and chaotic turmoil of my sensations. I was stupefied by all that I had experienced; and, moreover, the drug-like spell of the Flame was upon me, even though I could not hear its fatal singing. I believe that I struggled a little, by some sort of mechanical muscular revulsion, against the tentacular arms that were wound about me. But the lepidopters gave no heed; and it was plain that they were conscious of nothing but the mounting fire and its seductive music.

I remember, however, that there was no sensation of actual heat, such as might have been expected, when we neared the soaring column. Instead, I felt the most ineffable thrilling in all my fibers, as if I were being permeated by waves of celestial energy and demiurgic ecstacy. Then we entered the Flame.

Like Angarth before me, I had taken it for granted that the fate of all those who flung themselves into the Flame was an instant though blissful destruction. I expected to undergo a briefly flaring dissolution, followed by the nothingness of utter annihilation. The thing which really happened was beyond the boldest reach of speculative thought, and to give even the meagerest idea of my sensations would beggar the resources of language.

The Flame enfolded us like a green curtain, blotting from view the great chamber. Then it seemed to me that I was caught and carried to supercelestial heights in an upward-rushing cataract of quintessential force and deific rapture and all-illuminating light. It seemed that I, and also my companions, had achieved a god-like union with the Flame; that every atom of our bodies had undergone a transcendental expansion, was winged with ethereal lightness; that we no longer existed, except as one divine, indivisible entity, soaring beyond the trammels of matter, beyond the limits of time and space, to attain undreamable shores.

Unspeakable was the joy, and infinite was the freedom of that ascent, in which we seemed to overpass the zenith of the high-

est star. Then, as if we had risen with the Flame to its culmination, had reached its very apex, we emerged and came to a pause.

My senses were faint with exaltation, my eyes were blind with the glory of the fire; and the world on which I now gazed was a vast arabesque of unfamiliar forms, and bewildering hues from another spectrum than the one to which our eyes are habituated. It swirled before my dizzy eyes like a labyrinth of gigantic jewels, with interweaving rays and tangled lusters; and only by slow degrees was I able to establish order and distinguish detail in the surging riot of my perceptions.

All about me were endless avenues of super-prismatic opal and jacinth, arches and pillars of ultra-violet gems, of transcendent sapphire, of unearthly ruby and amethyst, all suffused with a multi-tinted splendor. I appeared to be treading on jewels; and above me was a jewelled sky.

Presently, with recovered equilibrium, with eyes adjusted to a new range of cognition, I began to perceive the actual features of the landscape. With the two moth-like beings still beside me, I was standing on a million-flowered grass, among trees of a paradisal vegetation, with fruit, foliage, blossoms and trunks whose very forms were beyond the conception of tridimensional life. The grace of their drooping boughs, of their fretted fronds, was inexpressible in terms of earthly line and contour; and they seemed to be wrought of pure, ethereal substance, half-translucent to the empyrean light, which accounted for the gem-like impression I had first received.

I breathed a nectar-laden air; and the ground beneath me was ineffably soft and resilient, as if it were composed of some higher form of matter than ours. My physical sensations were those of the utmost buoyancy and well-being, with no trace of fatigue or nervousness, such as might have been looked for after the unparalleled and marvellous events in which I had played a part. I felt no sense of mental dislocation or confusion; and, apart from my ability to recognize unknown colors and non-Euclidean forms, I began to experience a queer alteration and extension of tactility, though which it seemed that I was able to touch remote objects.

3

THE RADIANT sky was filled with many-colored suns, like those that might shine on a world of some multiple solar system. But strangely, as I gazed, their glory became softer and dimmer, and the brilliant luster of the trees and grass was grad-

ually subdued, as if by encroaching twilight.

I was beyond surprise, in the boundless marvel and mystery of it all; and nothing, perhaps, would have seemed incredible. But if anything could have amazed me or defied belief, it was the human face — the face of my vanished friend, Giles Angarth, which now emerged from among the waning jewels of the forest, followed by that of another man whom I recognized from photographs as Felix Ebbonly.

They came out from beneath the gorgeous boughs and paused before me. Both were clad in lustrous fabrics, finer than Oriental silk, and of no Earthly cut or pattern. Their look was both joyous and meditative; and their faces had taken on a hint of the same translucency that characterized the ethereal fruits and blossoms.

"We have been looking for you," said Angarth. "It occurred to me that after reading my journal, you might be tempted to try the same experiments, if only to make sure whether the account was truth or fiction. This is Felix Ebbonly, whom I believe you have never met."

It surprised me when I found that I could hear his voice with perfect ease and clearness; and I wondered why the effect of the drug-soaked cotton should have died out so soon in my auditory nerves. Yet such details were trivial, in face of the astounding fact that I had found Angarth and Ebbonly; that they, as well as I, had survived the unearthly rapture of the Flame.

"Where are we?" I asked, after acknowledging his introduction. "I confess that I am totally at a loss to comprehend what has happened."

"We are now in what is called the Inner Dimension," explained Angarth. "It is a higher sphere of space and energy and matter than the one into which we were precipitated from Crater Ridge; and the only entrance is through the Singing Flame in the city of Ydmos. The Inner Dimension is born of the fiery fountain, and sustained by it; and those who fling themselves into the Flame are lifted thereby to this superior plane of vibration. For them, the outer worlds no longer exist. The nature of the Flame itself is not known, except that it is a f o u n t a i n of pure energy, springing from the central rock beneath Ydmos, and passing beyond mortal ken by virtue of its own ardency."

HE PAUSED, and seemed to be peering attentively at the winged entities, who still lingered at my side. Then he continued:

"I haven't been here long enough to learn very much, myself; but I have found out a few things; and Ebbonly and I have established a sort of telepathic

communication with the other beings who have passed through the Flame. Many of them have no spoken language, nor organs of speech; and their very methods of thought are basically different from ours, because of their divergent lines of sense-development, and the varying conditions of the worlds from which they come. But we are able to communicate a few images.

"The persons who came with you are trying to tell me something," he went on. "You and they, it seems, are the last pilgrims who will enter Ydmos and attain the Inner Dimension. War is being made on the Flame and its guardians by the rulers of the outer lands, because so many of their p e o p l e have obeyed the lure of the singing fountain and have vanished into the higher sphere. Even now their armies have closed in upon Ydmos, and are blasting the city's ramparts with the force-bolts of their moving towers."

I told him what I had seen, comprehending now much that had been obscure heretofore. He listened gravely; and then said:

"It has long been feared that such war would be made sooner or later. There are many legends in the Outer Lands, concerning the Flame and the fate of those who succumb to its attraction; but the truth is not known, or is guessed only by a few. Many believe, as I did, that the end is destruction; and even by some who suspect its existence, the Inner Dimension is hated, as a thing that lures idle dreamers away from worldly reality. It is regarded as a lethal and pernicious chimera, or a mere poetic dream, or a sort of opium paradise.

"There are a thousand things to tell you, regarding the inner sphere, and the laws and conditions of being to which we are now subject, after the revibration of all our component atoms and electrons in the Flame. But at present there is no time to speak further, since it is highly probable that we are all in grave danger — that the very existence of the Inner Dimension, as well as our own, is threatened by the inimical forces that are destroying Ydmos.

"There are some who say that the Flame is impregnable, that its pure essence will defy the blasting of all inferior beams, and its source remain impenetrable to the lightnings of the Outer Lords. But most are fearful of disaster, and expect the failure of the fountain itself when Ydmos is riven to the central rock.

"Because of this imminent peril, we must not tarry longer. There is a way which affords egress from the inner sphere to another and remoter cosmos in a second infinity — a cosmos unconceived by mundane astronomers, or by the astronomers of

the worlds about Ydmos. The majority of the pilgrims, after a term of sojourn here, have gone on to the worlds of this other universe; and Ebbonly and I have waited only for your coming before following them. We must make haste, and delay no more, or doom will overtake us."

EVEN AS he spoke, the two moth-like entities, seeming to resign me to the care of my human friends, arose on the jewel-tinted air and sailed in long, level flight above the paradisal perspectives whose remoter avenue were lost in glory. Angarth and Ebbonly had now stationed themselves beside me; and one took me by the left arm, and the other by the right.

"Try to imagine that you are flying," said Angarth. "In this sphere, levitation and flight are possible through will-power; and you will soon acquire the ability. We shall support and guide you, however, till you have grown accustomed to the new conditions, and are independent of such help."

I obeyed his injunction, and formed a mental image of myself in the act of flying. I was amazed by the clearness and verisimilitude of the thought-picture, and still more by the fact that the picture was becoming an actuality! With little sense of effort, but with exactly the same feeling that characterizes a levitational dream, the three of us were soaring from the jeweled ground, were slanting easily and swiftly upward through the glowing air.

Any effort to describe the experience would be foredoomed to futility; since it seemed that a whole range of new senses had been opened up in me, together with corresponding thought-symbols for which there are no words in human speech. I was no longer Philip Hastane, but a larger and stronger and freer entity, differing as much from my former self as the personality developed beneath the influence of hashish or kava would differ.

The dominant feeling was one of immense joy and liberation, coupled with a sense of imperative haste, of the need to escape into other realms where the joy would endure eternal and unthreatened. My visual perceptions, as we flew above the burning, lucent woods, were marked by intense aesthetic pleasure. It was as far above the normal delight afforded by agreeable imagery as the forms and colors of this world were beyond the cognition of normal eyes. Every changing image was a source of veritable ecstasy; and the ecstasy mounted as the whole landscape began to brighten again and returned to the flashing, scintillating glory it had worn when I first beheld it.

We soared at a lofty elevation, looking down on numberless miles of labyrinthine forest, on long luxurious meadows, on voluptuously folded hills, on palatial buildings, and waters that were clear as the pristine lakes and rivers of Eden. It all seemed to quiver and pulsate like one living, effulgent, ethereal entity; and waves of radiant rapture passed from sun to sun in the splendor-crowded heaven.

AS WE WENT on, I noticed again, after an interval, that partial dimming of the light, that somnolent, dreamy saddening of the colors, to be followed by another period of ecstatic brightening. The slow, tidal rhythm of this process appeared to correspond to the rising and falling of the Flame, as Angarth had described it in his journal; and I suspected immediately that there was some connection.

No sooner had I formulated this thought, when I became aware that Angarth was speaking. And yet I am not sure whether his worded thought was perceptible to me through another sense than that of physical audition. At any rate, I was cognizant of his comment:

"You are right. The waning and waxing of the fountain and its music is perceived in the Inner Dimension as a clouding and lightening of all visual images."

Our flight began to swiften, and I realized that my companions were employing all their psychic energies in an effort to redouble our speed. The lands below us blurred to a cataract of streaming color, a sea of flowing luminosity; and we seemed to be hurtling onward like stars through the fiery air.

The ecstasy of that endless soaring, the anxiety of that precipitate flight from an unknown doom, are incommunicable. But I shall never forget them, and never forget the state of ineffable communion and understanding that existed among the three of us. The memory of it all is housed in the deepest and most abiding cells of my brain.

Others were flying beside and above and beneath us now, in the fluctuant glory: pilgrims of hidden worlds and occult dimensions, proceeding as we ourselves toward that other cosmos of which the Inner Sphere was the antechamber. These beings were strange and outre beyond belief in their corporeal forms and attributes; and yet I took no thought of their strangeness, but felt toward them the same conviction of fraternity that I felt toward Angarth and Ebbonly.

NOW, AS WE still went on, it appeared to me that my two companions were telling me many things; were communicating, by what means I am not sure, much that they had learned

in their new existence. With a grave urgency, as if perhaps the time for imparting this information might well be brief, ideas were expressed and conveyed which I could never have understood amid terrestrial circumstances. Things that were inconceivable in terms of the five senses, or in abstract symbols of philosophic or mathematic thought, were made plain to me as the letters of the alphabet.

Certain of these data, however, are roughly conveyable or suggestible in language. I was told of the gradual process of initiation into the life of the new dimension, of the powers gained by the neophyte during his term of adaptation; of the various recondite aesthetic joys experienced through a mingling and multiplying of all the perceptions; of the control acquired over natural forces and over matter itself, so that raiment could be woven and buildings reared solely through an act of volition.

I learned also of the laws that would control our passage to the further cosmos, and the fact that such passage was difficult and dangerous for anyone who had not lived a certain length of time in the Inner Dimension. Likewise, I was told that no one could return to our present plane from the higher cosmos, even as no one could go backward through the Flame into Ydmos.

Angarth and Ebbonly had dwelt long enough in the Inner Dimension (they said) to be eligible for entrance to the worlds beyond; and they thought that I too could escape through their assistance, even though I had not yet developed the faculty of spatial equilibrium necessary to sustain those who dared the interspheric path and its dreadful sub-jacent gulfs alone.

There were boundless, unforeseeable realms, planet on planet, universe on universe, to which we might attain, and among whose prodigies and marvels we could dwell or wander indefinitely. In these worlds, our brains would be attuned to the comprehension or apprehension of vaster and higher scientific laws, and states of entity beyond those of our present dimensional milieu.

I have no idea of the duration of our flight; since, like everything else, my sense of time was completely altered and transfigured. Relatively speaking, we may have gone on for hours; but it seemed to me that we had crossed an area of that supernal terrain for whose transit many years or centuries might well have been required.

Even before we came within sight of it, a clear pictorial image of our destination had arisen in my mind, doubtless through some sort of thought-transference. I seemed to en-

vision a stupendous mountain range, with alp on celestial alp, higher than the summer cumuli of Earth; and above them all the horn of an ultraviolet peak whose head was enfolded in a hueless and spiral cloud, touched with the sense of invisible chromatic overtones, that seemed to come down upon it from skies beyond the zenith. I knew that the way to the outer cosmos was hidden in the high cloud.

On, on, we soared; and at length the mountain-range appeared on the far horizon, and I saw the paramount peak of ultraviolet with its dazzling crown of cumulus. Nearer still we came, till the strange volutes of cloud were almost above us, towering to the heavens and vanishing among the vari-colored suns. We saw the gleaming forms of pilgrims who preceded us, as they entered the swirling folds.

At this moment, the sky and the landscape had flamed again to their culminating brilliance, they burned with a thousand hues and lusters; so that the sudden, unlooked-for e c l i p s e which now occurred was all the more complete and terrible.

Before I was conscious of anything amiss, I seemed to hear a despairing cry from my friends, who must have felt the oncoming calamity through a subtler sense than any of which I was yet capable.

Then, beyond the high and luminescent alp of our destination, I saw the mounting of a wall of darkness, dreadful and instant and positive and palpable, that rose everywhere and toppled like some Atlantean wave upon the irised suns and the fiery-colored vistas of the Inner Dimension.

We hung irresolute in the shadowed air, powerless and hopeless before the impending catastrophe, and saw that the darkness had surrounded the entire world and was rushing upon us from all sides. It ate the heavens, it blotted the outer suns; and the vast perspectives over which we had flown appeared to shrink and shrivel like a blackened paper. We seemed to wait alone for one terrible instant, in a center of dwindling light, on which the cyclonic forces of night and destruction were impinging with torrential rapidity.

The center shrank to a mere point — and then the darkness was upon us like an overwhelming maelstrom, — like the falling and crashing of cyclopean walls. I seemed to go down with the wreck of shattered worlds in a roaring sea of vortical space and force, to descend into some intrastellar pit, some ultimate limbo to which the shards of forgotten suns and systems are flung. Then, after a measureless interval, there came the sensation of violent impact, as if I had fallen among these shards,

at the bottom of the universal night.

I STRUGGLED back to consciousness with slow, prodigious effort, as if I were crushed beneath some irremovable weight, beneath the lightless and inert debris of galaxies. It seemed to require the labors of a Titan to lift my lids; and my body and limbs were heavy as if they had been turned to some denser element than human flesh; or had been subjected to the gravitation of a grosser planet than the Earth.

My mental processes were benumbed and painful and confused to the last degree; but at length I realized that I was lying on a riven and tilted pavement, among gigantic blocks of fallen stone. Above me, the light of a livid heaven came down among overturned and jagged walls that no longer supported their colossal dome. Close beside me, I saw a fuming pit, from which a ragged rift extended through the floor, like the chasm wrought by an earthquake.

I could not recognize my surroundings for a time; but at last, with a toilsome g r o p i n g of thought, I understood that I was lying in the ruined temple of Ydmos. The pit whose gray and acrid vapors rose beside me was that from which the fountain of singing flame had issued.

It was a scene of stupendous havoc and devastation. The wrath that had been visited upon Ydmos had left no wall nor pylon of the temple standing. I stared at the blighted heavens from an architectural ruin in which the remains of On and Angkor would have been mere rubble-heaps.

With herculean e f f o r t, I turned my head away from the smoking pit, whose thin, sluggish fumes curled upward in fantasmal coils where the green ardor of the Flame had soared and sung. Not until then did I perceive my companions. Angarth, still insensible, was lying near at hand; and just beyond him I saw the pale, contorted face of Ebbonly, whose lower limbs and body were pinned down by the rough and broken pediment of a fallen pillar.

Striving as in some eternal nightmare to throw off the leaden-clinging weight of my inertia, and able to bestir myself only with the most painful slowness and laboriousness, I got somehow to my feet and went over to Ebbonly. Angarth, I saw at a glance, was uninjured, and would presently regain consciousness; but Ebbonly, crushed by the monolithic mass of stone, was dying swiftly; and even with the help of a dozen men, I could not have released him from his imprisonment; nor could I have done anything to palliate his agony.

He tried to smile, with gallant and piteous c o u r a g e, as I stooped above him.

"It's no use — I'm going in a moment," he whispered: "Good-bye, Hastane — and tell Angarth good-bye for me, too." His tortured lips relaxed, his eyelids dropped, and his head fell back on the temple pavement. With an unreal, dream-like horror, almost without emotion, I saw that he was dead. The exhaustion that still beset me was too profound to permit of thought or feeling; it was like the first reaction that follows the awakening from a drug-debauch. My nerves were like burnt-out wires, my muscles were dead and unresponsive as clay, my brain was ashen and gutted as if a great fire had burned within it and gone out.

SOMEHOW, after an interval of whose length my memory is uncertain, I managed to revive Angarth, and he sat up dully and dazedly. When I told him that Ebbonly was dead, my words appeared to make no impression upon him; and I wondered for awhile if he had understood. Finally, rousing himself a little with evident difficulty, he peered at the body of our friend, and seemed to realize in some measure the horror of the situation. But I think he would have remained there for hours, or perhaps for all time, in his utter despair and lassitude, if I had not taken in initiative.

"Come," I said, with an attempt at firmness. "We must get out of this."

"Where to?" he queried, dully. "The Flame has failed at its source; and the Inner Dimension is no more. I wish I were dead, like Ebbonly — I might as well be, judging from the way I feel."

"We must find our way back to Crater Ridge," I said. "Surely we can do it, if the inter-dimensional portals have not been destroyed."

Angarth did not seem to hear me; but he followed obediently when I took him by the arm and began to seek an exit from the temple's heart among the roofless halls and overturned columns.

My recollections of our return are dim and confused, and are full of the tediousness of some interminable delirium. I remember looking back at Ebbonly, lying white and still beneath the massive pillar that would serve as an eternal monument and I recall the mountainous ruins of the city, in which it seemed that we were the only living beings. It was a wilderness of chaotic stone, of fused, obsidian - like b l o c k s, where streams of molten lava still ran in the mighty chasms, or poured like torrents adown unfathomable pits that had

opened in the ground. And I remember seeing amid the wreckage the charred bodies of those dark colossi who were the people of Ydmos and the warders of the Flame.

Like pygmies lost in some shattered fortalice of the giants, we stumbled onward, strangling in mephitic and metallic vapors, reeling with weariness, dizzy with the heat that emanated everywhere to surge upon us in buffeting waves. The way was blocked by overthrown buildings, by toppled towers and battlements, over which we climbed precariously and toilsomely; and often we were compelled to divagate from our direct course by enormous rifts that seemed to cleave the foundations of the world.

The moving towers of the wrathful Outer Lords had withdrawn, their armies had disappeared on the plain beyond Ydmos, when we staggered over the riven and shapeless and scoriac crags that had formed the city's ramparts. Before us there was nothing but desolation — a fire-blackened and vapor-vaulted expanse in which no tree or blade of grass remained.

Across this waste we found our way to the slope of violet grass above the plain, which had lain beyond the path of the invaders' bolts. There the guiding monoliths, reared by a people of whom we were never to learn even the name, still looked down on the fuming desert and the mounded wrack of Ydmos. And there, at length, we came once more to the grayish-green columns that were the gateway between the worlds.

A SINGLE ROSE

by JON DeCLES

With the aid of the great computer, perfection could now be achieved . . .

SILAS FINNEGAN was infected with magic, and it was his parents' fault His mother read him fairy tales. which was bad enough; but his father read him Greek Myths. It was the myths that made his heart a growing vault filled with stars. A swelling place; first in one chamber, then flowing with his blood through excited limbs, throbbing until he thought *that one* life-muscle would break like a happy bag of water dropped from the second floor on Halloween. Gods and devils, heavens and hells, were the companions and places of his childhood. When other boys rode painted ponies on a painted desert, Silas soared over the blue Aegean on a snow-white Pegasus.

And somewhere, maybe inside himself, or maybe outside of the Universe, Silas kept a stallion for special occasions. It was tall, and white; not as the snow is white, but as the sun is white when seen through thick snow clouds. It pranced for him and stamped its golden hooves on the turf with a *click*-resounding thunder. Then he was on its back and they were *off!*, his mount given freedom to follow its spiralled golden horn.

Some time ago, the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION announced a contest wherein readers were invited to try their hands at writing a story which combined unicorns and computers. Whether JON DeCLES entered *A Single Rose* into this contest, we cannot say — nor even if it was actually spurred into birth by the contest. We can say that it seems to fulfill the requirements very well — hmm, never did follow up to see how that contest came out. But those of you who did can tell me whether, in your opinion, this story should have won a prize in it.

Silas loved the Unicorn, but the world was not with him. The twentieth century grew up around him. The towers that broke the horizon were of delicately welded steel, not marble, and they transmitted the voices and faces of mortals to all the once-mystic corners of the world, shrinking it to a small, muddy globe. The atmosphere prevailing in the drawing room of Poetry became so rare that Silas could not find a hassock on which to sit at the poor Muse's feet.

So Silas learned to synthesize. Though captive to a brutal world, he vowed that he would not be beaten. He invented several kinds of synthetic textile dyes. With the money he made, he opened a research foundation, which soon became known for its contributions to the plastics industry. The Finnegan Institute expanded into other fields, and soon made significant contributions to biochemical fabrication. By that time Silas Finnegan was wealthy.

The Institute's Board of Directors found nothing curious about the bill for a computer. Many companies used them, both for research and business. But when bills arrived from various scholars, poets, and historians. (for services rendered) the Directors became edgy. It was then they learned about the installation of the Univac, not in the company's million-dollar headquarters, but at the country home of Silas Finnegan. When they learned what Finnegan wanted to do, a struggle for power ensued.

IT TOOK A long time, but Finnegan lost ground. He had to spend his own money to continue his research, and when that ran out, he had to sell his interests one by one in order to continue the project. In the end he was poor again: but he had his Unicorn.

The creature was small, no bigger than a pony. It was a pinto with markings of cream and chocolate color. Its horn and its hooves were bone white; not quite what he had dreamed of, but . . . Its eyes were black, like polished coal. and light reflected in them like great bright stars in dark sap-

phires. It was a living, breathing, Unicorn, and it spoke in a soft whisper, and only to Silas, its master.

Unfortunately, the Unicorn was synthesized from the tissues of other creatures. It required a very special, and expensive diet, consisting of precisely balanced synthetic foods. Silas, far from spending his old age contentedly listening to his Unicorn's recitations, was forced to seek a new fortune.

He racked his b r a i n for a week, to no avail. The supply of food his chemists had delivered with the Unicorn was rapidly dwindling. Finnegan mixed himself a *zombi* and went out into the garden to enjoy the slanting rays of the sun as they tinted his pet's single horn with red-gold. The spring song of the insects and the beast's s l o w, rhythmic recitation lulled him to a pleasant state where he could half - forget his troubles and dally along the borderland of sleep. The Unicorn whispered:

"Red is a Rose.
is a single rose,
is a perfect rose,
the blood of my heart.
Red is the Sun,
is the evening sky,
and must vanish before
Night heralds Tomorrow."

Finnegan sat up, startling the Unicorn to silence. He looked curiously at the beast.

"Of course," he said. "A perfect rose."

Madison Avenue thought it was a wonderful idea. On their advice, the Finnegan Institute advanced its founder a year's s u p p l y of Unicorn feed, and enough money to live on for the same length of time.

There was a contest, not just in the U.S.A. but all over the world. The top half of the entry blank was a space for the entrant's name and address; that half would be torn off and put in a huge drum for a drawing. The bottom half had space to list the ten most necessary qualifications for the perfect rose. The information thus obtained would be fed into Finnegan's computer for statistical analysis.

It was over in six months, and a lady from London visited her daughter in Uganda. Three more months were necessary for the scientists to turn statistics into synthetic reality. The day it went on the market, Silas Finnegan brought a sample home to show the Unicorn.

"See," he said, taking it out of the transparent plastic box, "it even s m e l l s like a rose. There's a tiny vial of perfume hidden inside the blossom. Not rose perfume m i n d you, but something we developed that *really* smells like a fresh rose.

It will keep on smelling that way for a hundred years.

"And it's perfectly f o r m e d, measurable to a thousandth of an inch to statistical average specifications. Just the way most people want it. And red: the color most people think of when they think of a rose.

"It feels like a rose too! Cool, and fleshy. We made it from a rare wood pulp. Even the undersides of the layers are perfectly realistic. They have that characteristic fuzziness.

"And it has a static charge so that it won't gather dust. You can even drop it." He let it fall onto the concrete floor. "See, it won't come apart, the way a real rose does. It will last a lifetime. A young man give it to his girl and she will keep it always, a symbol of their life together long after their children are grown and married."

SILAS STOPPED and wondered why there was no woman now at *his* side, to share this triumph of his later years. The Unicorn sniffed at the artificial rose, then snorted and walked away, as if insulted. Silas was puzzled, but his delight with the new product swept away the Unicorn's silent affectation of displeasure. With the sales from the Perfect Rose, he was sure he would soon be rich again, once again in complete control at the Institute. Then he would not have to fear the loss of his pet, or any of the other pleasures an old man feels he deserves.

Three more months, and again Silas Finnegan stood facing his Unicorn.

"For t h r e e weeks," he said tiredly, "for three weeks it sold. They all wanted it! They *had* to want it; we made it to their own specifications. The Perfect Rose. And then they stopped buying. S a l e s dropped, and dropped. A slow, steady decline, until now . . . Now, I've lost everything. I'm trying to find a zoo where they can afford to keep you. Otherwise, you'll be gone too."

"Poor Silas," said the Unicorn. "You must not be so sad. I am only alive because it pleased you to create me. What has been can never really cease."

"But it's so foolish! It is not right! It was a perfect rose. Why didn't they buy it?"

"It was not perfect," said the Unicorn.

"It had to be! We asked the w h o l e world, and the world answered. We asked them what they wanted, and they told us, and then we gave them what they wanted, and they didn't buy it."

"You asked the whole world," said the Unicorn, "but it was not the world that answered. It was only a very small part of the world."

(turn to page 59)

DISOWNED

by VICTOR ENDERSBY

. . . And the sky was a great gulf, drowing him upward . . ."

THE SKY sagged downward, bellying blackly with a sudden summer rain, giving me a vision of catching my train in sodden clothing after the short-cut across the fields, which I was taking in company with my brother Tristan and his fiancee.

The sullen atmosphere ripped apart with an electric glare; our ears quivered to the throbbing sky, while huge drops, jarred loose from the air by the thunder-impact, splattered sluggishly, heavily, about us. Little breezes swept out from the storm center, lifting the undersides of the long grass leaves to view in waves of lighter green. I complained peevishly.

"Ah, mop up!" said Tristan. "You've plenty of time, and there's the big oak! It's as dry under there as a cave!"

"I think that'll be fun!" twittered Alice. "To wait out a thunderstorm under a tree!"

"Under a *tree?*" I said. "Hardly! I'm not hankering to furnish myself as an exhibit on the physiological effects of a lightning stroke — no, sir!"

"Rats!" said Tristan. "All that's a fairy-tale — trees being dangerous in a thunder-storm!"

The rain now beat through our thin summer clothing, as Tristan seized Alice's hand and towed her toward the spreading shelter. I followed them at first, then began to lag with an odd unwillingness. I had been only half serious in my objection, but all at once that tree exercised

Copyright 1932 by The Clayton Magazines, Inc., for ASTOUNDING STORIES, September; no record of copyright renewal.

For the most part, Harry Bates was required to run pulp-formula action stories in his magazines, but now and then a decidedly off-trail short story would appear in ASTOUNDING STORIES. Such a one was *Disowned*, by VICTOR ENDERSBY, who submitted an entry in the contest for short-short stories to be written around the cover that Frank R. Paul painted for the November 1929 issue of SCIENCE WONDER STORIES. He received honorable mention for *The Day Of Judgment*, which appeared in the April 1930 issue of SWS. A month later, *The Gimlet* appeared in the May 1930 issue of AMAZING STORIES; since T. O'Conor Sloane was no more hasty in publishing accepted stories than Farnsworth Wright, the odds are that the second published story had been written earlier. The July 1930 WS ran another short-short, *After 5000 Years;* and two further short stories ran in AMAZING STORIES: *A Job Of Blending* and *When The Top Wobbled*, March 1934 and February 1936 respectively. The only other story of his we know of was published in the 50s in one of the science fiction magazines; but since he did not wish his authorship of this story to be known, for personal reasons, we cannot tell more.

an odd repulsion on me; an imaginary picture of the electric fluid coursing through my shriveling nerve-channels grew unpleasantly vivid.

Suddenly I knew I was not going under that tree. I stopped dead, pulling my hat brim down behind to divert the rivulet coursing down the back of my neck, calling to the others in a voice rather cracked from embarrassment. They looked back at me curiously, and Alice began to twit me, standing in the rain, while Tristan desired to know whether we thought we were a pair of goldfish; in his estimation, we might belong to the piscine tribe all right, but not to that decorative branch thereof. To be frank, he used the term "suckers". Feeling exceptionally foolish, I planted myself doggedly in the soaking grass as Alice turned to dash for the tree.

THEN THE THING happened; the thing which to this hour makes the fabric of space with its unknown forces seem an insecure and eery garment for the body of man. Over the slight rise beyond the tree, as the air crackled, roared and shook under the thunder-blasts, there appeared an object moving in long, leisurely bounds, drifting before the wind, and touching the ground lightly each time. It was about eighteen inches in diameter, globular, glowing with coruscating fires, red, green, and yellow; a thing of unearthly and wholly sinister beauty.

Alice poised with one foot half raised, and shrieked at Tristan, half terrified, half elated at the sight. He wheeled quickly, there under the tree, and slowly backed away as the thing drifted in to keep him company in his

shelter. We could not see his face, but there was a stiffness to his figure indicating something like fear. Suddenly things I had read rose into my memory. This was one of those objects variously called "fire-balls", "ball-lightning", and the like.

I also recalled the deadly explosive potencies said to be sometimes possessed by such entities, and called out frantically, "Tristan! Don't touch it! Get away quickly, but don't disturb the air!"

He heard me and, as the object wavered about in the comparative calm under the tree, drifting closer to him, started to obey. But it suddenly approached his face, and seized with a reckless terror, he snatched off his hat and batted at it as one would at a pestilent bee. Instantly there was a blinding glare, a stunning detonation, and a violent air-wave which threw me clear off my feet and to the ground I sat up blindly with my vision full of opalescent lights and my ears ringing, unable to hear, see, or think.

SLOWLY MY senses came back; I saw Alice struggling upright in the grass before me. She cast a quick glance toward the tree, then, still on her knees, covered her face and shuddered. For a long time, it seemed, I gazed toward the tree without sight conveying any mental effect whatever. Quite aside from my dazed state, the thing was too bizarre; it gave no foothold to experience for the erection of understanding.

My brother's body lay, or hung, or rested — what term could describe it? — with his stomach across the *under* side of a large limb a few feet above where he had stood. He was doubled up like a hairpin, his abdomen pressed t i g h t l y up against this bough, and his arms, legs and head extended stiffly, straightly, skyward.

Getting my scattered faculties and discoordinate limbs together, I made my way to the tree, the gruesome thought entering my mind that Tristan's body had been transfixed by some downward-pointing snag as it was blown up against the limb, and that the strange stiffness of his limbs was due to some s u d d e n rigor mortis brought on by electric shock. Dazed with horror and grief, I reached up to his clothing and pulled gently, braced for the shock of the falling body. It remained immovable against the bough. A harder tug brought no results either. Gathering up all my courage against the vision of the supposed snag tearing its rough length out of the poor flesh, I leaped up, grasping the body about chest and hips, and hung. It came loose at once, without any tearing resistance such as I had expected, but manifesting a strong elastic pull up-

ward, as though some one were pulling it with a rope; as I dropped back to the ground with it, the upward resistance remained unchanged.

Nearly disorganized entirely by this phenomenon, it occurred to me that his belt or some of his clothing was still caught, and I jerked sidewise to pull it loose. It did not loosen, but I found myself suddenly out from under the tree, my brother dragging upward from my arms until my toes almost left the ground. And there was obviously no connection between him and the tree —or between him and anything else but myself, for that matter. At this I went weak; my arms relaxed despite my will, and an incredible fact happened: I found the body sliding skyward through my futile grasp. Desperately I got my hands clasped together about his wrist, this last grip almost lifting me from Earth; his legs and remaining arm streamed fantastically skyward. Through the haze which seemed to be finally drowning my amazed and tortured soul, I knew that my fingers were slipping through one another, and that in another instant my brother would be gone. Gone—where? Why and how?

There was a sudden shriek, and the impact of a frantic body against mine, as Alice, whom I had quite forgotten, made a skyward r u n n i n g jump and clasped the arm frantically to her bosom with both her own. With vast relief, I loosed my cramped fingers — only to feel her silken garments begin to slide skyward against my cheek. It was more instinct than sense which made me clutch at her legs. God, had I not done that! As it was, I held both forms anchored with only a slight pull, waiting dumbly for the next move — quite *non compos* by this time, I think.

"Quick, Jim!" she shrieked. "Quick, under the tree! I can't hold him long!"

VERY GLAD indeed to be told what to do, I obeyed. Under her direction we got the body under a low limb and wedged up against it, where with our feet both now on the ground, we balanced it with little effort. Feverishly, once more at her initiative, we took off our belts and strapped it firmly; whereupon we collapsed in one another's arms, shuddering, beneath it.

The blase reader may consider that we here manifested the characters of sensitive weaklings. But let him undergo the like! The supernatural, or seemingly so, has always had power to chill the hottest blood. And here was an invisible horror reaching out of the sky for its prey, without any of the ameliorating features which would temper an encounter with the phenomena of ghostland.

For a time we sat under that fatal tree, listening to the dreary drench of rain pouring off the leaves, quivering nerve-shaken to the thunderclaps. Lacking one another, we had gone mad; it was the beginning of a mutual dependence in the face of the unprecedented, which was to grow to something greater during the bizarre days to follow.

There was no need of words for each of us to know that the other was struggling frantically for a little rational light on the *outre* catastrophe in which we were entangled.

It never once occurred to us that my brother might still be alive — until a long shuddering groan sounded above us. In combined horror and joy we sprang up. He was twisting weakly in the belts, muttering deliriously. We unfastened him and pulled him to the ground, where I sat on his knees while she pressed down on his shoulders, and so kept him recumbent, both horrified at the insistent lift of his body under us.

She kissed him frantically and stroked his cheeks, I feeling utterly without resource. He grew stronger, muttered wildly, and his eyes opened, staring upward through the tree limbs. He became silent, and stiffened, gazing fixedly upward with a horror in his wild blue gaze which chilled our blood. What did he see there — what dire otherworld thing dragging him into the depths of space? Shortly his eyes closed, and he ceased to mutter.

I TOOK HIS legs under my arms — the storm was clearing now — and we set out for home with gruesomely buoyant steps, the insistent pull remaining steady. Would it increase? We gazed upward with terrified eyes, becoming calmer by degrees as conditions remained unchanged.

When the country house loomed near across the last field, Alice faltered, "Jim, we can't take him right in like this!"

I stopped.

"Why not?"

"Oh, because — because — it's too ridiculously awful. I don't know just how to say it — oh, can't you see it yourself?"

In a dim way, I saw it. No cultured person cares to be made a center of public interest, unless on grounds of respect. To come walking in in this fashion, buoyed balloon-like by the body of this loved one, and before the members of a frivolous, gaping house party — even I could imagine the mingled horror and derision, the hysterics among the women, perhaps. Nor would it stop there. Rumors — and heaven only knows what distortions such rumors might undergo, having their source in the incredible — would range our social circle like wildfire. And the newspapers, for our families are

established and known — no, it wouldn't go.

I tied Tristan to a stile and called up Jack Briggs, our host, from a neighboring house, explained briefly that Tristan had met with an accident, asked him to say nothing, and explained where to bring the machine. In ten minutes he had maneuvered the heavy sedan across the rough wet fields. And then we had another problem on our hands: to let Jack into what had happened without shocking him into uselessness. It was not until we got him to test Tristan's eery buoyancy with his own hands that we were able to make him understand the real nature of our problem. And after that, his comments remained largely gibberish for some time. However, he was even quicker than we were to see the need for secrecy — he had vivid visions of the political capital which opposing newspapers would make of any such occurrence at his party — and so we arranged a plan. According to which we drove to the back of the house, explained to the curious who rushed out that Tristan had been injured by a stroke of lightning, and rushed the closely wrapped form up to his room, feeling a great relief at having something solid between us and the sky.

While Jack went downstairs to dismiss the party as courteously as possible, Alice and I tied my brother to the bed with trunk straps. Whereupon the bed and patient plumped lightly but decisively against the ceiling as soon as we removed our weight. While we gazed upward open mouthed, Jack returned. His faculties were recovering better than ours, probably because his affections were not so involved, and he gave the answer at once.

"Ah, hell!" said he. "Pull the damn bed down and spike it to the floor!" This we did. Then we held a short but intense consultation. Whatever else might be the matter, obviously Tristan was suffering s e v e r e l y from shock and, for all we knew, maybe from partial electrocution. So we called up Dr. Grosnoff in the nearest town.

GROSNOFF, after our brief but disingenuous explanation, threw off the bed covers in a business-like way, then straightened up grimly.

"And may I ask," he said with sarcastic politeness, "since when a strait-jacket has become first aid for a case of lightning stroke?"

"He was delirious," I stammered.

"Delirious my eye! He's as quiet as a lamb. And you've tied him down so tightly that the straps are cutting right into him! Of all the—the . . ." He stopped, evidently feeling words futile, and before we could make an effective attempt to stop him, whipped out a knife and cut

the straps. Tristan's unfortunate body instantly crashed against the ceiling, smashing the lathing and plaster, and remaining half embedded in the ruins. A low cry of pain rose from Alice. Dr. Grosnoff staggered to a chair and sat down, his eyes fixed on the ceiling with a steady stare — the odd caricature of a man coolly studying an interesting phenomenon.

My brother appeared to be aroused by the shock, struggling about in his embedment, and finally sat up. Up? *Down*, I mean. Then he *stood*, on the *ceiling*, and began to walk! His nose had been bruised by the impact, and I noticed with uncomprehending wonder that the blood moved slowly *upward* over his lip. He saw the window, and walked across the ceiling to it upside down. There he pushed the top of the window down and leaned out, gazing up into the sky with some sort of fascination. Instantly he crouched on the ceiling, hiding his eyes, while the house rang with shriek after shriek of mortal terror, speeding the packing of the parting guests. Alice seized my arm, her fingers cutting painfully into the flesh.

"Jim," she screamed. "I see it now — don't you? His gravity's all changed around — he weighs *up!* He thinks the sky's *under* him!"

The human mind is so constructed that merely to name a thing oddly smooths its unwonted outlines to the grasp of the mind; the conception of a simple reversal of my brother's weight, I think, saved us all from the padded cell. That made it so commonplace, such an everyday sort of thing, likely to happen to anybody. The ordinary phenomenon of gravitation is no whit more mysterious, in all truth, than that which we were now witnessing — but we are born to *it!*

DR. GROSNOFF recovered in a manner which showed considerable caliber.

"Well," he grunted, "that being the case, we'd best be about looking after him. Nervous shock, possible electric shock and electric burns, psychasthenia — that's going to be a long-drawn affair — bruises, maybe a little concussion and possibly internal injury — that was equivalent to a ten-foot unbroken fall flat on his stomach, and I'll never forgive myself if. . . . Get me a chair!"

With infinite care and reassuring words, the big doctor with our help pulled my brother down, the latter frantically begging us not to let him "fall" again.

Holding him securely on the bed and trying to reassure him, Grosnoff said, "Straps and ropes won't do. His whole weight hangs in them — they'll cut him unmercifully. Take a sheet, tie

the corners with ropes, and let him lie in that like a hammock!"

It took many reassurances as to the strength of this arrangement before Tristan was at comparative peace. Dr. Grosnoff effected an examination by slacking off the ropes until Tristan lay a couple of feet clear of the bed, then himself lay on the mattress face up, prodding the patient over.

The examination concluded, he informed us that Tristan's symptoms were simply those of a general physical shock such as would be expected in the case of a man standing close to the center of an explosion, though from our description of the affair he could not understand how my brother had survived at all. The glimmering of an explanation of this did not come until a long time afterwards. So far as physical condition was concerned, Tristan might expect to recover fully in a matter of weeks. Mentally — the doctor was not so sure. The boy had gone through a terrible experience, and one which was still continuing — might continue no one knew how long. We were, said the doctor, up against a trick played by the great Sphinx, Nature, and one which, so far as he knew, had never before taken place in the history of all mankind.

"There is faintly taking shape in my mind," he said, "the beginning of a theory as to how it came about. But it is a theory having many ramifications and involving much in several lines of science, with most of which I am but little acquainted. For the present I have no more to say than that if a theory of causation can be worked out, it will be the first step toward cure. But — it may be the only step. Don't build hopes!"

Looking Alice and me over carefully, he gave us each a nerve sedative and departed, leaving us with the feeling that here was a man of considerably wider learning than might be expected of a small-town doctor. In point of fact, we learned that this was the case. The specialist has been described as a "man who knows more and more about less and less." In Dr. Grosnoff's mind, the "less and less" outweighed the "more and more."

TRISTAN GREW stronger physically; mentally, he was intelligent enough to help us and himself by keeping his mind as much as possible off his condition, sometimes by sheer force of will. Meantime, Dr. Grosnoff, realizing that his patient could not be kept forever tied in bed, had assisted me in preparing for his permanent care at home. The device was simple; we had just taken his room, remodeled the ceiling as a floor, and fitted it with furniture upside down. Most of the problems involved

in this were fairly simple. The matter of a bath rather stumped us for a while, until we hit upon a shower. The jets came up from under Tristan's feet, from the point of view of his perceptions; he told us that one of the strangest of all his experiences was to see the waste water swirl about in the pan *over* his head, and being sucked *up* the drain as though drawn by some mysterious magnet.

My brother and I shared a flat alone, so there was no servant problem to deal with. But he was going to need care as well as companionship, and I had to earn my living. For Alice, it was a case where the voice of the heart chimed with that of necessity; and I was best man at perhaps the weirdest marriage ceremony which ever took place on Earth. Held down in bed with the roped sheet, all betraying signs carefully concealed, Tristan was married to Alice by an unsuspecting dominie who took it all for one of those ordinary, though romantic sick-bed affairs.

From the first, Tristan felt better and more secure in his special quarters, and was now able to move about quite freely within his limits, though such were his mental reactions that for his comfort we had to refinish the floor to look like a plaster ceiling, to eliminate as far as possible the upside-down suggestions left in the room, and to keep the windows closely shaded. I soon found that the sight of me, or any one else, walking upside down — to him — was very painful; only in the case of Alice did other considerations remove the unpleasantness.

Little by little the accumulation of experience brought to my mind the full and vivid horror of what the poor lad had suffered and was suffering. Why, when he had looked out of that window into the sky, he was looking *down* into a bottomless abyss, from which he was sustained only by the frail plaster and planking under his feet! The whole Earth, with its trees and buildings, was suspended over his head, seemingly about to fall at any moment with him into the depths; the sun at noon glared *upward* from the depths of an inferno, lighting from *below* the somber Earth suspended overhead! Thus the warm comfort of the sun, which has cheered the heart of man from time immemorial, now took on an unearthly, unnatural semblance. I learned that he could never quite shake off the feeling that the houses were anchored into the ground, suspended only by the embedment of their foundations in the soil; that trees were suspended from their roots, which groaned with the strain; that soil was held to the bedrock only by its cohesion. He even dreaded lest, during storms,

the grip of the muddy soil be loosened, and the fields fall into the blue! It was only when clasped tight in Alice's arms that the horrors wholly left him.

All the reasoning we might use on his mind, or that he himself could bring to bear on it, was useless. We found that the sense of up and down is ineradicably fixed by the balancing apparatus of the body.

MEANWHILE, his psychology was undergoing strange alterations; the more I came to appreciate the actual conditions he was living under, the more apparent it seemed to me that he must have a cast-iron mental stamina to maintain sanity at all. But he not only did that; he began to recover normal strength, and to be irked unbearably by his constant confinement. So it came about that he began to venture a little at a time from his room, wandering about on the ceiling of the rest of the house. However, he could not yet look out of windows, but sidled up to them with averted face to draw any blinds that were up.

As he grew increasingly restless, we all felt more and more that the thing could not continue as it was; *some* way out must be found. We had many a talk with Grosnoff, at last inducing him to speak about the still half-formed theory which he had dimly conceived at the first.

"For a good many decades," he said, "there have been a few who regarded the close analogies between magnetism and gravitational action as symptomatic of a concealed identity between them. Einstein's 'Field Theory' practically proves it on the mathematical side. Now it is obvious that if gravitation is a form of magnetism — and if so it belongs to another plane of magnetic forces than that which we know and use — then the objects on a planet must have the opposite polarity from that of the planet itself. Since the globe is itself a magnet, with a positive and negative pole, its attraction power is not that of a magnet on any plane, because then the human race would be divided into two species, each polarized in the sign opposite to its own pole; when an individual of either race reached the equator, he would become weightless, and when he crossed it, would be repelled into space."

"Lord!" I said. "There would be a plot for one of your scientific fiction writers!"

"I can present you with another," said Dr. Grosnoff. "How do we know whether another planet would have the opposite sign to our own bodies?"

"Well," I chuckled, "they'll find that out soon enough when the first interplanetary expedition tries to land on one of 'em!"

"Hmf!" grunted the medico.

"That'll be the least of their troubles!"

"But you said the polarity couldn't be that of a magnet; then what?"

"Don't you remember the common pith ball of your high school physics days? An accumulation of positive electricity repels an accumulation of negative — if indeed we can correctly use 'accumulation' for a negativity — and it is my idea that Earth is the container of a gigantic accumulation of this meta — or hyper-electricity which we are postulating; and our bodies contain a charge of the opposite sign."

"But, Doctor, the retention of a charge of static electricity by a body in the presence of one of the opposite sign requires insulation of the containing bodies; for instance, lightning is a breaking down of the air insulation between the ground and a cloud. In our case we are constantly in c o n t a c t with the Earth, and the charges would equalize."

"Please bear in mind, Jim, that we are not talking about electricity as now handled by man, but about some form of it as yet hypothetical. We don't know what kind of insulation it would require. We may be *constitutionally* insulated."

"And you think the fireball broke down that insulation by the shock to Tristan's system?" I asked. The logic of the thing was shaping up hazily, but unmistakably. "But, then, why don't we frequently see people kiting off Earth as the result of explosions?"

"*How do you know they haven't?* Don't we have plenty of mysterious disappearances as the result of explosions, and particularly, strangely large numbers of missing in a major war?"

My blood chilled. The world was beginning to seem a pretty awful place.

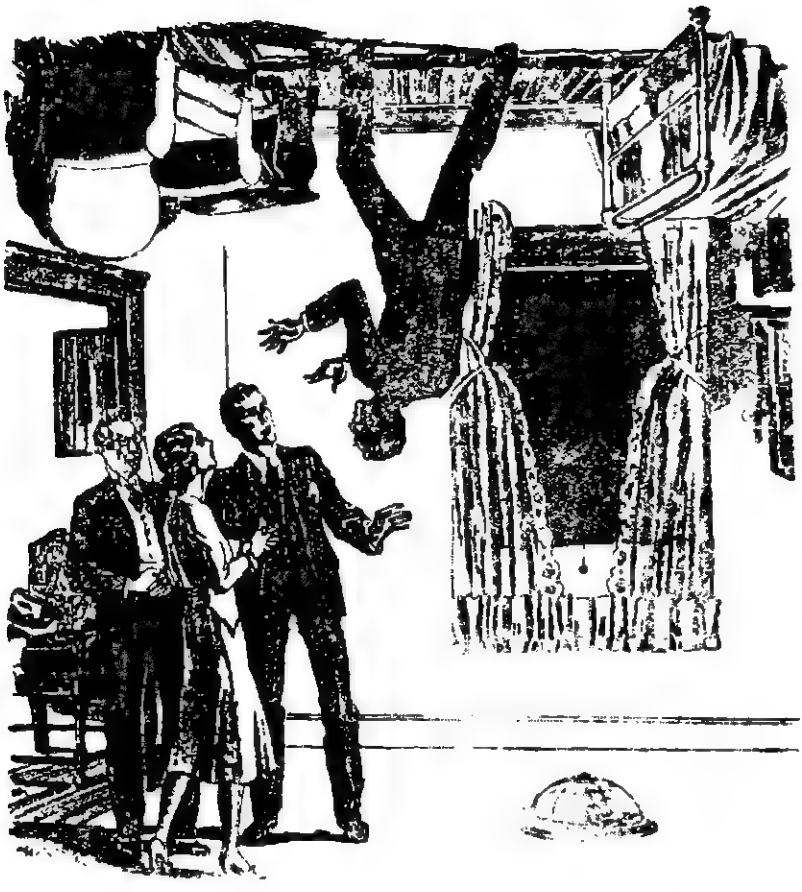
Grosnoff saw my disturbance, and placed a reassuring hand on my shoulder.

"I'm afraid," he said, smiling, "that I rather yielded to the temptation to get a rise out of you. That suggestion *might* be unpleasantly true under special circumstances. But I particularly have an eye out for the special capacities of that weird and rare phenomenon, the fireball. It isn't impossible that the energy of the fireball went into the repolarization rather than into a destructive concussion — hence Tristan's escape."

"You mean its effect is *qualitatively* different from that of any other explosion?"

"It may be so. It is known to be an electric conglomeration of some kind — but that's all."

MEANTIME circumstances were not going well with us; the financial burden of Tristan's support, added to the strain of the situation, was becoming



overwhelming. Tristan knew this and felt it keenly; this brought him to a momentous decision. He looked down at us from the ceiling one day with an expression of unusual tenseness, and announced that he was going out permanently, and to take part in the world again.

"I've gotten now so that I can bear to look out of the windows quite well. It's only a matter of time and practise until I can stand the open. After all, it isn't any worse than being a steel worker or steeplejack. Even if the worst came to the worst, I'd rather be burst open by the

frozen vacuum of interstellar space than to splash upon a sidewalk before an admiring populace — and people do *that* every day!"

Dr. Grosnoff, who was present, expressed great delight. His patient was coming along well mentally, at least. Alice sat down, trembling.

"But, good Lord, Tristan," I said, "what possible occupation could you follow?"

"Oh, I've brooded over that for weeks, and I've crossed the Rubicon. I think we're a long way past such petty things as personal pride. Did it ever occur to you that what from one point of view is a monstrous catastrophe, from another is an asset?"

"What in the dickens are you talking about?" I asked.

"I'm talking about the—the—" he gulped painfully— "the stage."

Alice wrung her hands, crying bitterly, "Wonderful! Splendid! Tristan LeHuber, The World's Unparalleled Upside-Down Man! He Doesn't Know Whether He's On His Head Or His Heels. He's Always Up In The Air About Something, But You Can't Upset Him! Vaudeville To-night — The Bodongo Brothers, Brilliant Burmese Balancers — Arctic Annie, the Prima Donna of Sealdom, and Tristan LeHuber, The Balloon Man — He Uses An Anchor or A Parachute!' At last indeed the LeHuber family will have arrived sensationally in the public eye!

"There are," Alice raved, "two billion people on Earth to-day. Counting three generations per century, there have been about twelve billion of us in the last two hundred years. And out of all those, and all the millions and billions before that, *we* had to be picked for this loathsome cosmic joke — just little us for all that distinction! Why, oh, why? If our romance *had* to be spoiled by a tragedy smeared across the billboards of notoriety, why couldn't it have been in some decent, human sort of way? Why this ghastly absurdity?"

"From time immemorial," said Grosnoff, "there have been men who sought to excite the admiration of their fellows, to get themselves worshipped, to dominate, to collect perquisites, by developing some wonderful personal power or another. From Icarus on down, levitation or its equivalent has been a favorite. The ecstatics of medieval times, the Hindu Yogis, even the daydreaming schoolboy, have had visions of floating in air before the astounding multitudes by a mere act of will. The frequency of 'flying dreams' may indicate such a thing as a possibility in nature. Tradition says many have accomplished it. If so, it was by a reversal of polarity through *an act of will*. Those who did it — Yogis — believed in successive lives on Earth. If

they were right about the one, why not the other? Suppose one who had developed that power of will, carried it another birth, where it lay dormant in the subconscious until set off uncontrolled by some special shock?"

Alice paled.

"Then T r i s t a n might have been—"

"He might. Then again, maybe my brain is addled by this thing. In any case, the moral is: don't monkey with Nature! She's particular."

TRISTAN'S vaudeville scheme was not as easily realized as said. The first manager to whom we applied was stubbornly skeptical in spite of Tristan's appearance standing upside down in stilts heavily weighted at the ground ends; and even after his resistance was broken down in a manner which left him gasping and a little woozy, began to reason unfavorably in a hard-headed way. Audiences, he explained, were off levitation acts. Too old. No matter what you did, they'd lay it to concealed wires, and yawn. Even if you called a committee from the audience, the committee itself would merely be sore at not being able to solve the trick; the audience would consider the committee a fake or merely dumb. And all that would take too much time for an act of that kind.

"Oh, yeh, I know! It's got *me* goin,' all right. But I can't think like me about this sorta thing. I got to think like the audience does — or go outa business!"

After which solid but unprofitable lesson in psychology, we dropped the last vestige of pride and tried a circus sideshow. But the results were similar.

"Nah, the rubes don't wear celluloid collars any more. Ya can't slip any wire tricks over on 'em!"

"But he can do this in a big topless tent, or even out in an open field, if you like."

"Nope — steel rods run up the middle of a rope has been done before."

"Steel rods in a rope which the people see uncoil from the ground in front of their eyes?"

"Well, they'd think of somethin' else, then. I'm tellin' ya, it won't go! Sure, people like to be fooled, but they want it to be done *right!*"

"Yes!" I sneered. "And a hell of a lot of people have fooled themselves *right* about this matter, too!"

He looked at me curiously.

"Say, have ya really got somethin' up y'r sleeve?"

"You'd be surprised!"

Thus he grudgingly gave us a chance for a tryout; and he *was* surprised indeed. But on thinking it over, he decided like the vaudeville man.

"Listen!" said Tristan suddenly, in a voice of desperation. "I'll

do a parachute jump into the sky, and land on an airplane!"

"Tristan!" shrieked Alice, in horror.

The circus man nearly lost his cigar, then bit it in two.

"Sa-ay — what the — I'll call that right now! I'll get ya the plane and chute if y'll put up a deposit to cover the cost. If ya do it, we'll have the best money in the tents; if ya don't, I keep the money!"

"If I don't," said Tristan distinctly, "I'll have not the slightest need for the money."

But the airplane idea was out; we could think of no way for him to make the landing on such a swiftly-moving vehicle.

Again Alice solved it.

"If you absolutely must break my heart and put me in a sanitarium," she s o b b e d, "get a blimp!"

Of course! And that is what we did — on the first attempt coming unpleasantly close to doing just that to Alice.

THE BLIMP CAPTAIN was obviously skeptical, and betrayed signs of a peeve at having his machine hired for a hoax; but money was money and he agreed to obey our instructions meticulously. His tone was perfunctory, however, despite my desperate attempts to impress him with the seriousness of the matter; and that nonchalance of his came near to having dire consequences.

The captain was supplied with a sort of boat-hook with instructions to steer his course to reach the parachute ropes as it passed him on its upward flight. And he was seriously warned of the fact that, after the chute reached two or three thousand feet, its speed would increase because of the rarefaction of the air; and in case of a miss, it would b e c o m e constantly harder to overtake. These directions he received with a scornful half smile; obviously he never expected to see the chute open.

We got all set, the blimp circling overhead, Tristan upside down in his seat suspended skyward, a desperately grim look on his face; and Alice almost in collapse. We were all spared the agony of several hundred feet of unbroken fall; the parachute was open on the ground, and rose at a leisurely speed, but too fast at that for the comfort of any of us. I don't think the wondering crowd and the dumfounded circus people ever saw a stranger sight than that chute drifting upward into the blue. We heard nothing of "hidden wires," then or ever after! The white circle grew pitifully small and forlorn against the fathomless azure; and suddenly we noticed that the blimp seemed to be merely drifting with the wind, making no attempt to get under — or over — Tristan. Our hearts labored painfully. Had the engines broken down? Alice buried

her face against my sleeve with a moan.

"I can't look . . . tell me!"

I tried to — in a voice which I vainly tried to make steady.

All at once the blimp went into f r e n z i e d activity — we learned afterwards that its crew of three, captain included, had been so completely paralyzed by the reality of the event that they had forgotten what they were there for until almost too late. Now we heard the high note of its overdriven engines as it rolled and rocked toward the rising chute. For a moment the white spot showed against its gray side, then tossed and pitched wildly in the wake of the propellors as, driven too hastily and frenziedly, the ship overshot its mark and the captain missed his grab.

I COULD ONLY squeeze Alice tightly and choke as the aerial objects parted company and the blue gap between them widened. Instantly, avid to retrieve his mistake, the captain swung his craft in a wild careen around and a spiral upward. But he tried to do too many things at a time — make too much altitude and headway both at once. The blimp pitched steeply upward to a standstill, barely moving toward the parachute. Quickly it sloped downward again and gathered speed, n e a r i n g the chute, and then making a desperate zoom upward on its momentum. Mistake number three! He had waited too long before using his elevator; and the chute fled hopelessly away just ahead of the uptilted nose of the blimp. I could only moan, and Alice made no sound or movement.

Next we saw the blimp's water ballast streaming Earthward in the sun, and it was put into a long, steady spiral in pursuit of the parachute, whose speed — or so it seemed to my agonized gaze — was now noticeably on the increase. The altitude seemed appallingly great; the blimp's ceiling, I knew, was only about twenty thousand; and my brother, even if not frozen to death by that time, would be traveling far faster then than any climbing speed the blimp could make; as his fall increased in speed, the climb of the bag decreased.

At last, with a quiver of renewed hope, I saw the blimp narrowing down its spirals — it was overtaking! Smaller and smaller grew both objects — but so did the gap between them! At last they merged, the tiny white dot and the little gray minnow. In one long agony I waited to see whether the gap would open out again. Lord of Hosts — the blimp was slanting steeply downward; the parachute had vanished!

Then at last I paid some attention to the totally limp form in my arms; and a few minutes later, amid an insane crowd, a pitifully embarrassed and nerve-

shaken dirigible navigator was helping me lift my heavily-wrapped, shivering brother from the gondola, while the mechanics turned their attention to the overdriven engines and wracked framing. Did I say "helping me lift?" Such is the force of habit —but verily, a new nomenclature would have to come into being to deal adequately with such a life as my poor brother's!

Tristan seized my hand.

"Jim!" he said through chattering teeth. "I'm cured — cured of the awful fear! That second time he missed, I just gave up entirely; I didn't care any longer. And then somehow I felt such a sense of peace and freedom — there weren't any upside-down things around to torture me, no sense of insecurity. I just *was*, in a great blue quiet; it wasn't like falling at all; no awful shock to meet, no sickness or pain — just quietly floating along from Here to There, with no particular dividing line between, anywhere. The cold hurt, of course, but somehow it didn't seem to matter, and was getting better when they caught me. But now —I can do things you never even imagined!"

THUS BEGAN my brother's real public career — he had arrived. After that he was able to name his own compensation, and shortly during his tours, began to sport a private dirigible of his own, which he often used for jumps between stands. He told me jokingly that it was very fitting transportation for him, as his hundred and sixty pound lift saved quite a bit of expense for helium!

He developed an astonishing set of tricks. After the jump, he would arrive on the field suspended above the dirigible doing trapeze tricks. After that, in the show tent, he would go through some more of them, with a few hair raisers of his own invention, one of which consisted of apparently letting go the rope by accident and shooting skyward with a wild shriek, only to be caught at the end of a fine, especially woven piano wire cable attached to a spring safety belt, the cable being in turn fastened into the end of the rope.

Needless to say, Alice was unable to wax enthusiastic about any of these feats, though she loyally accompanied him in his travels. She would sit in the tent gazing at him with a horrible fascination, and month by month grew thinner and more strained. Tristan felt her stress deeply; but was making money so fast that we all felt that in a short time, if not able to finance the discovery of a cure, at least he could retire and live a safer life. And he found his ideal haven of rest — in a Pennsylvania coal mine! Thus, the project grew in his mind, of buying an aban-

doned mine and fitting it with comfortable and spacious inverted quarters, environed with fungus gardens, air ferns and the like, plants which could be trained to grow upside down; he emerging only for necessary sun baths.

As time went on, I really grew accustomed to the situation, though seeing less and less of Tristan and Alice; during summers they were on tour, and in winter were quartered in Tristan's coal mine, which had become a reality.

So one summer day when the circus stopped at a small town where I was taking vacation, I was overjoyed at the opportunity to see them. I timed myself to get there as the afternoon performance was over, but arrived a little early, and went on into the untopped tent.

Tristan waved an inverted greeting at me from his poise on his trapeze, and I watched for a few minutes. There was an odd mood about the crowd that day, largely due to a group of loud-mouthed hill-billies from the back country—the sort which is so ignorant as to live in perpetual fear of getting "something slipped over", and so disbelieves everything it is told, looking for something ulterior behind every exterior. Having duly exposed to their own satisfaction the strong man's "wooden dumbbells", the snake charmer's rubber serpents, the fat woman's pillows, and the bearded lady's false whiskers (I don't know what they did about the living skeleton), these fellows were now gaping before Tristan's platform, and growing hostile as their rather inadequate brains failed to cook up any damaging explanation.

"Yah!" yelled a long-necked, flap-eared youth, suddenly. "He's got an iron bar in that rope!" They had come too late to see the parachute drop. Tristan grinned and pulled himself down the rope, which of course fell limp behind him. At this, the crowd jeered and booed the too-hasty youth, who became so resentfully abusive of Tristan that one of the attendants pushed him out of the tent. As he passed me, I caught fragments of wrathy words, "Wisht I had a. . . . Show'm whether it's a fake. . . ."

TRISTAN CLOSED his act by dropping full length to the end of his invisible wire, then pulled himself down, got into his stilts, and was unfastening the belt, when the manager rushed in with a request that he repeat, for the benefit of a special party just arrived on a delayed train.

"Go on and look at the animals, old man," Tristan called to me. "I'll be with you in about half an hour!"

I strolled out idly, meeting on the way the flap-eared youth,

who seemed bent on making his way back into the tent, wearing a mingled air of furtiveness, of triumph, and anticipation. Wondering casually just what kind of fool the lad was planning to make of himself next, I wandered on toward the main entrance — only to be stopped by an appalling uproar behind me. There was a raucous, gurgling shriek of mortal terror; the loud composite "O-o-o!" of a shocked or astonished crowd; a set of fervent curses directed at some one; loud confused babbling, and then a woman's voice raised in a seemingly endless succession of hysterical shrieks. Thinking that an animal had gotten loose, or something of that kind, I wheeled. Unmistakably the racket came from Tristan's own tent. I listened carefully, but could hear no animal noises.

Cold dread clutching at my heart, and with lead on my boot soles, I rushed frantically back. At the entrance I was held by a mad onrush of humanity for some moments. When I reached the platform, Tristan was not in sight. Then I noticed the long-necked boy sitting on the platform with his face in his hands, shrieking, "I didn't mean to! I didn't mean to! Damn it, don't touch me! I thought sure it was a fake!"

I saw a new, glittering jackknife lying on the platform beside the limp, foot-long stub of Tristan's rope. Slowly, frozenly, I raised my eyes. The blue abyss was traceless of any object. . . .

A SINGLE ROSE

(continued from page 33)

"A crosssection of the population . . ."

"No! Only the greedy. Only those who wanted to win your contest. Surely *they* are not fit to judge beauty dispassionately. And if it *had* been a cross-section, would they have been any better equipped to understand the things they respond to? You should have asked your Univac where to find an analysis of a perfect rose."

"And where would it have sent me?"

"To a Poet."

"Then tell me," said Silas, "What was wrong?"

"Wait," said the Unicorn. It trotted to a large rose bush at the other side of the garden and gently plucked a flower with its teeth.

SILAS SAW that the feed trough was almost empty. There would be no more, unless one of the zoo people called before morning. Poor creature! Why was God so unfair as to make it an inhabitant of myths, unable to eat nature's own green things? Why could God not create a world for such beauty? The Unicorn returned and placed the rose in his hand.

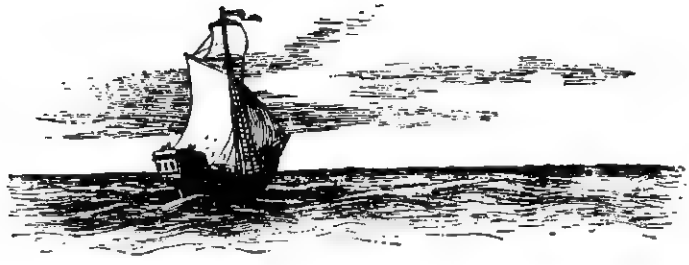
"That is a perfect rose," said the Unicorn humbly.

"But look here! Some insect has eaten at the petals. And it's well past its prime, nearly all the way open. You couldn't sell it in the worst of shops!"

"Give it to me," said the Unicorn.

He took it in his teeth and tossed it into the air. It fell on the concrete and shattered. Silas stared at the ruined blossom at his feet. It was like a pool of blood, dimly blending in the twilight.

"A matter of form," said the Unicorn. "A beginning, a middle, and an end. The beauty of a child, of childhood, is in that he is a child, and tomorrow will be a man, and then will be dust. So we love him now, while he is a child, because he passes and too soon is something else. It is only the *now* of us that is beautiful, and only in the fact of our transition. We are all so imminently temporary. We last such a little while, and are lovely in our passing. That *was* a perfect rose."



THE LAST AMERICAN

by J. A. MITCHELL

A thousand years, and the great country was little more than a legend to these explorers.

Long before anyone ever dreamed of issuing a science fiction magazine, magazine authors were writing stories in which they pictured the world of the future, and not always a future of ever-increasing progress; sometimes it was a future of decay. In the present story, J. A. Mitchell, *circa* 1889, imagined the United States going into a decline from which it never recovered, and the nation disappearing around 1990. The story tells of a Persian expedition to America a thousand years, more or less, after the overthrow of the last national administration; and the ruins that are encountered indicate that progress came to a dead stop before the turn of the 20th century. It all seemed entirely modern and up to date at the time; now, it's quaint — but we think you will find this tale fascinating in its own way nonetheless.

Last Summer, while visiting *Wallace West*, our genial host mentioned a little book he had which he thought would go very well in FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION: *The Last American*, by J. A. MITCHELL. It was originally copyright 1889 by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, but the edition which Wally loaned us (the tenth edition) is dated 1893. We thought at the time that we had never heard of it before, but this time our memory played us false; a check of Arkham House indices shows that *August Derleth* reprinted it in the Spring 1949 number of his magazine, THE ARKHAM SAMPLER, all eight issues of which have been out of print for some time. It has not been feasible to run all the artwork which appeared in this 78 page little book (approximately 5½" wide and 7¼" deep; the printed page 3" wide and 5" deep — full page illustrations blank on the reverse sides) but we have selected some of the best. The artist is not credited, and while there appears to be a signature on some of the illustrations, it isn't decipherable to our eyes.

(A few words by **Hedful,** surnamed "The Axis of Wisdom", Curator of the Imperial Museum at Shiraz. Author of "The Celestial Conquest of Kalyphorn-ya", and of "Northern Mehrika under the Hy-Bernyan Rulers".)

The astounding discoveries of Khan-li of Dimph-yoo-chur have thrown floods of light upon the domestic life of the Mehrikan people. He little realized when he landed upon that sleeping continent what a service he was about to render history, or what enthusiasm his discoveries would arouse among Persian archaeologists.

Every student of antiquity is familiar with their history.

But for the benefit of those who have yet to acquire a knowledge of this extraordinary people, I advise, first, a visit to the Museum at Teheran in order to excite their interest in the subject, and second, the reading of such books as Nofuhl's "What we Found in the West," and Noz-yt-ahl's "History of the Mehrikans." The last-named is a complete and reliable history of these people from the birth of the Republic under George-wash-yn-tun to the year 1990, when they ceased to exist as a nation. I must say, however, that Noz-yt-ahl leaves the reader much confused concerning the period between the massacre of the Protestants in 1907, and the overthrow of the Murfey dynasty in 1930.

He holds the opinion with many other historians that the Mehrikans were a mongrel race, with little or no patriotism, and were purely imitative; simply an enlarged copy of other nationalities extant at the time. He pronounces them a shallow, nervous, extravagant people, and accords them but few re-

deeming virtues. This, of course, is just; but nevertheless they will always be an interesting study by reason of their rapid growth, their vast numbers, their marvellous mechanical ingenuity and their sudden and almost unaccountable disappearance.

The wealth, luxury and gradual decline of the native population; the frightful climatic changes which swept the country like a mower's scythe; the rapid conversion of a vast continent, alive with millions of pleasure - loving people, into a silent wilderness, where the sun and moon look down in turn upon hundreds of weed-grown cities— all this is told by Noz-yt-ahl with force and accuracy.

ABOARD THE ZLOTUHB
IN THE YEAR
2951.

10*th May.*

There is land ahead!

Grip-til-lah was first to see it, and when he shouted the tidings my heart beat fast with joy. The famished crew have forgotten their disconsolate stomachs and are dancing about the deck. 'Tis not I, forsooth, who shall restrain them! A month of emptiness upon a heavy sea is preparation for any folly. Nofuhl alone is without enthusiasm. The old man's heart seems dead.

We can see the land plainly, a dim strip along the western horizon A fair wind blows from the northeast, but we get on with cruel hindrance for the *Zlotuhb* is a heavy ship, her bluff bow and voluminous bottom ill fiting her for speed.

The land, as we near it, seems covered with trees, and the white breakers along the yellow beach are a welcome sight.

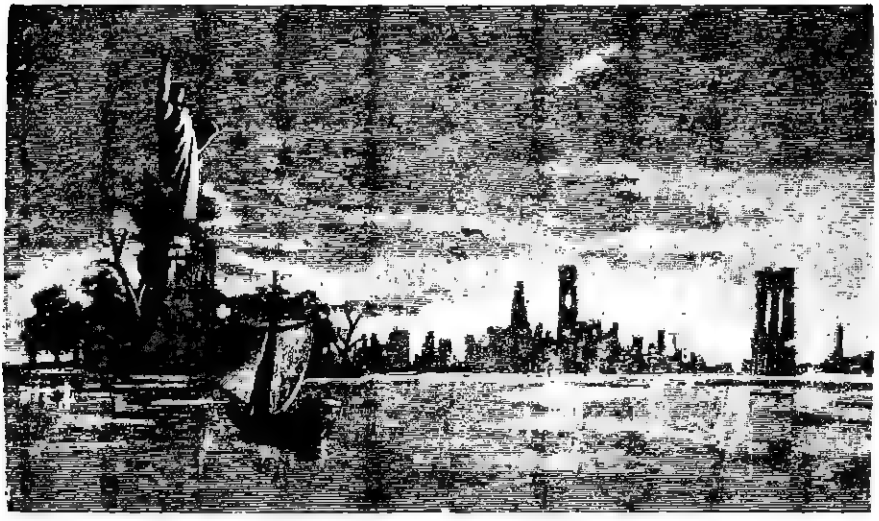
11*th May.*

Sighted a fine harbor this afternoon, and are now at anchor in it.

Grip-til-lah thinks we have reached one of the western islands mentioned by Ben-a-Bout. Nofuhl, however, is sure we are farther North.

12*th May.*

What a change has come over Nofuhl! He is the youngest man aboard. We all share his delight, as our discoveries are truly marvellous. This morning while I was yet in my bunk he ran into the cabin and, forgetting our difference in rank, seized me by the arm and tried to drag me out. His excitement so had the better of him that I captured



THE CITY OF RUINS.

little meaning from his words. Hastening after him, however, I was amazed to see such ancient limbs transport a man so rapidly. He skipped up the narrow stairs like a heifer and, young though I am, it was faster than I could follow.

But what a sight when I reached the deck! We saw nothing of it yesterday, for the dusk of evening was already closing about us when we anchored.

Right ahead, in the middle of the bay, towered a gigantic statue, many times higher than the masts of our ship. Beyond, from behind this statue, came the broad river upon whose waters we were floating, its surface all a-glitter with the rising sun. To the East, where Nofuhl was pointing, his fingers trembling with excitement, lay the ruins of an endless city. It stretched far away into the land beyond, farther even than our eyes could see. And in the smaller river on the right s t o o d two colossal structures, rising high in the air, and standing like twin brothers, as if to guard the deserted streets beneath. Not a sound reached us —not a floating thing disturbed the surface of the water. Verily, it seemed the sleep of Death.

I was lost in wonder.

As we looked a strange bird, like a heron, arose with a hoarse cry from the foot of the great image and flew toward the city.

"What does it all mean?" I cried. "Where are we?"

"Where indeed!" said Nofuhl.

"If I knew but that, O Prince, I could tell the rest! No traveller has mentioned these ruins. Persian history contains no record of such a people. Allah has decreed that we discover a forgotten world."

Within an hour we landed, and found ourselves in an ancient street, the pavements covered with weeds, grass and flowers, all crowding together in wild neglect. Huge trees of great antiquity thrust their limbs through windows and roofs and produced a mournful effect. They gave a welcome shade, however, as we find the heat ashore of a roasting quality most hard to bear. The curious buildings on either side are wonderfully preserved, even sheets of glass still standing in many of the iron window-frames.

We wandered along through the thick grass, Nofuhl and I, much excited over our discoveries and delighted with the strange scene. The sunshine is of dazzling brightness, birds are singing everywhere, and the ruins are gay with gorgeous wild flowers. We soon found ourselves in what was once a public square, now for the most part a shady grove.*

As we sat on a fallen cornice and gazed on the lofty buildings about us I asked Nofuhl if he was still in ignorance as to where we were, and he said, "As yet I know not. The architecture is much like that of ancient Europe, but it tells us nothing."

Then I said to him in jest, "Let this teach us, O Nofuhl! the folly of excessive wisdom. Who among thy pupils of the Imperial College at Ispahan would believe their venerable instructor in history and languages could visit the largest city in the world and know so little about it!"

"Thy words are wise, my Prince," he answered; "few babes could know less."

As we were leaving this grove my eyes fell upon an upturned slab that seemed to have a meaning. It was lying at our feet, partly hidden by the tall grass, having fallen from the columns that supported it. Upon its surface were strange characters in bold relief, as sharp and clear as when chiselled ten centuries ago. I pointed it out to Nofuhl, and we bent over it with eager eyes

It was this:

ASTOR HOUSE

"The inscription is Old English," he said. "'House' signified a dwelling, but the word 'Astor' I know not. It was probably the name of a deity, and here was his temple."

This was encouraging, and we looked about eagerly for other signs.

*Afterward ascertained to be the square of the City Hall.

IN A STREET OF THE FORGOTTEN CITY.

Our steps soon brought us into another street, and as we walked I expressed my surprise at the wonderful preservation of the stone work, which looked as though cut but yesterday.

"In such an atmosphere decay is slow," said Nofuhl. "A thousand years at least have passed since these houses were occupied. Take yonder oak, for instance; the tree itself has been growing for at least a hundred years, and we know from the fallen mass beneath it that centuries had gone by before its birth was possible."

He stopped speaking, his eyes fixed upon an inscription over a doorway, partly hidden by one of the branches of the oak.

Turning suddenly upon me with a look of triumph, he exclaimed, "It is ours!"

"What is ours?" I asked.

"The knowledge we sought"; and he pointed to the inscription:

NEW YORK STOCK EXC . . . .

He was tremulous with joy.

"Thou hast heard of Nhu-Yok, I my Prince?"

I answered that I had read of it at school.

"Thou art in it now!" he said. "We are standing on the Western Continent. Little wonder we thought our voyage long!"

"And what was Nhu-Yok?" I asked. "I read of it at college, but remember little. Was it not the capital of the ancient Mehrikans?"

"Not the capital," he answered, "but their largest city. Its population was four millions."

"Four millions!" I exclaimed. "Verily, O Fountain of Wisdom, that is many for one city!"

"Such is history, my Prince! Moreover, as thou knowest, it would take us many days to walk this town."

"True, it is endless."

He continued thus, "Strange that a single word can tell so much! Those iron structures, the huge statue in the harbor, the temples with pointed towers, all are as writ in history."

Whereupon I repeated that I knew little of the Mehrikans save what I had learned at college, a perfunctory and fleeting knowledge, as they were a people who interested me but little.

"Let us seat ourselves in the shade," said Nofuhl, "and I will tell thee of them."

We sat.

"For eleven centuries the cities of this sleeping hemisphere have decayed in solitude. Their very existence has been forgotten. The people who built them have long since passed away, and their civilization is but a shadowy tradition. Historians are astounded that a nation of more than seventy millions should vanish from the earth like a mist, and leave so little behind. But to those familiar with their lives and character s u r p r i s e is impossible. There was nothing to leave. The Mehrikans possessed neither literature, art, or music of their own. Everything was borrowed. The very clothes they wore were copied with ludicrous precision from the models of other nations. They were a sharp, restless, quick-witted, greedy race, given body and soul to the gathering of riches. Their chiefest passion was to buy and sell. Even women, both of high and low degree, spent much of their time at bargains, crowding and jostling each other in vast marts of trade, for their attire was complicated, and demanded most of their time."

"How degrading!" I exclaimed.

"So it must have been," said Nofuhl; "but they were not without virtues. Their domestic life was happy. A man had but one wife, and treated her as his equal."

"That is curious! But as I remember, they were a people of elastic honor."

"They were so considered," said Nofuhl; "their commercial honor was a jest. They were sharper than the Turks. Prosperity was their god, with Cunning and Invention for his prophets. Their restless activity no Persian

can comprehend. This vast country was alive with noisy industries, the nervous Mehrikans darting with inconceivable rapidity from one city to another by a system of locomotion we can only guess at. There existed roads with iron rods upon them, over which small houses on wheels were drawn with such velocity that a long day's journey was accomplished in an hour. Enormous ships without sails, driven by a mysterious force, bore hundreds of people at a time to the farthermost points of the earth."

"And are these things lost?" I asked.

"We know many of the forces," said Nofuhl, "but the knowledge of applying them is gone. The very elements seem to have been their slaves. Cities were illuminated at night by artificial moons, whose radiance eclipsed the moon above. Strange devices were in use by which they conversed together when separated by a journey of many days. Some of the appliances exist today in Persian museums. The superstitions of our ancestors allowed their secrets to be lost during those dark centuries from which at last we are waking."

At this point we heard the voice of Bhoz-ja-khaz in the distance; they had found a spring and he was calling to us.

Such heat we had never felt, and it grew hotter each hour. Near the river where we ate it was more comfortable, but even there the perspiration stood upon us in great drops. Our faces shone like fishes. It was our wish to explore further, but the streets were like ovens, and we returned to the *Zlotuhb*.

As I sat upon the deck this afternoon recording the events of the morning in this journal Bhoz-ja-khaz and Ad-el-pate approached, asking permission to take the small boat and visit the great statue. Thereupon Nofuhl informed us that this statue in ancient times held aloft a torch illuminating the whole harbor, and he requested Ad-el-pate to try and discover how the light was accomplished.

They returned toward evening with this information: that the statue is not of solid bronze, but hollow; that they ascended by means of an iron stairway into the head of the image, and looked down upon us through its eyes; that Ad-el-pate, in the dark, sat to rest himself upon a nest of yellow flies with black stripes; that these flies inserted stings into Ad-el-pate's person, causing him to exclaim loudly and descend the stairs with unexpected agility; that Bhoz-ja-khaz and the others pushed on through the upraised arm, and stood at last upon the bronze torch itself; that the city lay beneath them like a map, covering the country for miles away on both sides of the river. As for illuminating the harbor, Bhoz-ja-

khaz says Nofuhl is mistaken; there are no vestiges of anything that could give a light — no vessel for oil or traces of fire.

Nofuhl says Ja-khaz is an idiot; that he shall go himself.

13th May.

A startling discovery this morning.

By landing higher up the river we explored a part of the city where the buildings are of a different character from those we saw yesterday. Nofuhl considers them the dwellings of the rich. In shape they are like bricks set on end, all very similar, uninteresting and monotonous.

We noticed one where the doors and shutters were still in place, but rotting from the fantastic h i n g e s that supported them. A few hard blows brought down the outer doors in a dusty heap, and as we stepped upon the marble floor within our eyes met an unexpected sight. Furniture, statues, dingy pictures in crumbling frames, i m a g e s in bronze and silver, mirrors, curtains, all were there, but in every condition of d e c a y. We knocked open the iron shutters and let the light into rooms sealed up for centuries. In the first one lay a rug from Persia! F a d e d, motheaten, gone in places, it seemed to ask us with dying eyes to be taken hence. My heart grew soft over the ancient rug, and I caught a foolish look in Lev-el-Hedyd's eye.

As we climbed the mouldering stair to the floor above I expressed surprise that cloth and woodwork should hold together for so many centuries, also saying, "These Mehrikans were not so unworthy as we think them."

"That may be," said Lev-el-Hedyd, "but the Persian rug is far the freshest object we have seen, and that perchance was ancient when they bought it."

On this floor we entered a dim chamber, spacious and once richly furnished. When Lev-el-Hedyd pushed open the shutters and drew aside the ragged curtains we stared at the sight before us. Upon a wide bed in the centre of the room lay a human form, the long yellow hair still clinging to the head. It was more a mummy than a skeleton. A r o u n d, upon the bed, lay mouldering fragments of the once white sheets that covered it. On the fingers of the left hand glistened two rings which drew our attention. One held a diamond of great price, the other was composed of sapphires and diamonds most curiously arranged. We stood a moment in silence, gazing sadly upon the figure.

"Poor woman," I said, "left thus to die alone."

"It is more probable," said Nofuhl, "she was already dead, and her friends, departing perhaps

IN THE MOULDERING CHAMBER.

in haste, were unable to burn the body."

"Did they burn their dead?" I asked. "In my history 'twas writ they buried them in the earth like potatoes, and left them to rot."

And Nofuhl answered: "At one time it was so, but later on, as they became more civilized, the custom was abandoned."

"Is it possible," I asked, "that this woman has been lying here almost a thousand years and yet so well preserved?"

"I, also, am surprised," said Nofuhl. "I can only account for it by the extreme dryness of the air in absorbing the juices of the body and retarding decay."

Then lifting tenderly in his hand some of the yellow hair, he said, "She was probably very young, scarce twenty."

"Were their women fair?" I asked.

"They were beautiful," he answered; "with graceful forms and lovely faces; a pleasure to the eye; also were they gay and sprightly with much animation."

Thereupon cried Lev-el-Hedyd, "Here are the first words thou hast uttered, O Nofuhl, that cause me to regret the extinction of this people! There is ever a place in my heart for a blushing maiden!"

"Then let thy grief be of short life," responded Nofuhl, "for Mehrikan damsels were not of that description. Blushing was an art they practiced little. The shyness thou so lovest in a Persian maiden was to them an unknown thing. Our shrinking daughters bear no resemblance to these Western products. They strode the public streets with roving eyes and unblushing faces, holding free converse with men as with women, bold of speech and free of manner, going and coming as it pleased them best. They knew much of the world, managed their own affairs, and devised their own marriages, often changing their minds and marrying another than the betrothed."

"Bismillah! And men could love these things?" exclaimed Lev-el-Hedyd with much feeling.

"So it appears."

"But I should say the Mehri-

kan bride had much the freshness of a dried fig."

"So she had," said Nofuhl, "but those who know only the dried fig have no regret for the fresh fruit. But the fault was not with the maidens. Brought up like boys, with the same studies and mental development, the womanly part of their nature gradually vanished as their minds expanded. Vigor of intellect was the object of a woman's education."

Then Lev-el-Hedyd exclaimed with great disgust, "Praises be to Allah for his aid in exterminating such a people!" and he walked away from the bed, and began looking about the chamber. In a moment he hastened back to us, saying, "Here are more jewels! also money!"

Nofuhl eagerly took the pieces.

"Money!" he cried. "Money will tell us more than pages of history!"

There were silver coins of different sizes and two small pieces of copper. Nofuhl studied them closely.

"The latest date is 1937," he said; "a little more than a thousand years ago; but the piece may have been in circulation some years before this woman died; also it may have been coined the very year of her death. It bears the head of Dennis, the last of the Hy-Burnyan dictators. The race is supposed to have become extinct before 1990 of their era."

I then said, "Thou hast never told us, O Nofuhl! the cause of their disappearance."

"There were many causes," he answered. "The Mehrikans themselves were of English origin, but people from all parts of Europe came here in vast numbersr. Although the original comers were vigorous and hardy the effect of climate upon succeeding generations was fatal. They became flat-chested and thin, with scanty hair, fragile teeth, and weak digestions. Nervous diseases unknown to us wrought deadly h a v o c. Children were reared with difficulty. Between 1925 and 1940, the last census of which any record remains, the population decreased from ninety millions to less than twelve millions. Climatic changes, the like of which no other land ever experienced, began at that period, and finished in less than ten years a work made easy by nervous temparaments and rapid lives. The temperature would skip in a single day from burning heat to winter's cold. No constitution could withstand it, and this vast continent became

THE FACE AND BACK OF ONE OF THE SILVER COINS

THE TWO MONUMENTS IN THE RIVER.

once more an empty wilderness."

Much more of the same nature he told us, but I am too sleepy to write longer. We explored the rest of the mansion, finding many things of interest. I caused several objects to be carried aboard the *Zlotuhb*.*

14th May.

Hotter than yesterday.

In the afternoon we were rowed up the river and landed for a short walk. It is unsafe to brave the sun.

The more I learn of these Mehrikans the less interesting they become. Nofuhl is of much the same mind judging from our conversation today, as we walked along together.

It was in this wise:

Khan-li: How alike the houses! How monotonous!

Nofuhl: So, also, were the occupants. They t h o u g h t alike, worked alike, ate, dressed and conversed alike. They read the same books; they fashioned their garments as directed, with no regard for the size or figure of the individual, and copied to a stitch the fashions of Europeans.

Khan-li: But the close-fitting apparel of the European must have been sadly uncomfortable in the heat of a Mehrikan summer.

Nofuhl: So probably it was. Stiff boxes of varying patterns adorned the heads of men. Curious jackets with tight sleeves encased the body. The feet throbbed and burned in close-fitting c a s i n g s of unyielding leather and linen made stiff by artificial means was drawn tightly about the neck.

Khan-li: Allah! What idiots!

Nofuhl: Even so are they considered.

Khan-li: To what quality of their minds do you attribute such love of needless suffering?

Nofuhl: It was their desire to be like others. A natural feeling in a vulgar people.

15th May.

A fair wind from the West today. We weighed anchor and sailed up the Eastern side of

*These objects are now in the museum of the Imperial College, at Teheran.

the city. I did this as Nofuhl finds the upper portion of the town much richer in relics than the lower, which seems to have been given up to commercial purposes. We sailed close under one of the great monuments in the river, and are at a loss to divine its meaning. Many iron rods still dangle from the tops of each of the structures. As they are in a line, one with the other, we thought at first they might have been once connected and served as a bridge, but we soon saw they were too far apart.

Came to anchor about three miles from the old mooring. Up the river and down, North, South, East and West, the ruins stretch away indefinitely, seemingly without end.

Am anxious about Lev-el-Hedyd. He went ashore and has not returned. It is now after midnight.

16th May.

Praise Allah! my dear comrade is alive! This morning we landed early and began our search for him. As we passed before the brick building which bears the inscription

DELMONICO

high up upon its front, we heard his voice from within in answer to our calls. We entered, and after climbing the ruined stairway found him seated upon the floor above. He had a swollen leg from an ugly sprain, and various bruises were also his. While the others were constructing a litter on which to bear him hence we conversed together. The walls about us bore traces of having once enclosed a hall of some beauty. In idling about I pulled open the decaying door of an old closet and saw upon the rotting shelves many pieces of glass and earthenware of fine workmanship. Taking one in my hand, a small wine-cup of glass. I approached my comrade calling his attention to its slender stem and curious form. As his eyes fell upon it they opened wide in amazement. I also observed a trembling of his hand as he reached forth to touch it. He then recounted to me his marvellous adventure of the night before, but saying before he began, "Thou knowest, O Prince, I am no believer in visions, and I should never tell the tale but for thy discovery of this cup. I drank from such an one last night, proffered by a ghostly hand."

I would have smiled, but he was much in earnest. As I made a movement to sit beside him, he said, "Taste first, O my master, of the grapes hanging from yonder wall."

I did so, and to my great surprise found them of an exquisite flavor, finer even than the cultivated fruit of Persia, sweeter and more delicate, of a different

nature from the wild grapes we have been eating. My astonishment appeared to delight him, and he said with a laugh, "The grapes are impossible, but they exist; even more absurd is my story!" and he then narrated his adventure.

It was this:

WHAT LEV-EL-HEDYD SAW.

Yesterday, after nightfall, as he was hastening toward the *Zlotuhb* he fell violently upon some blocks of stone, wrenching his ankle and much bruising himself. Unable to walk upon his foot he limped into this building to await our coming in the morning. The howling of wolves and other wild beasts as they prowled about the city drove him, for safety, to crawl up the ruins of the stairway to the floor above. As he settled himself in a corner of this hall his nostrils were greeted with the delicious odor from the grapes above his head. He found them surprisingly good, and ate heartily. He soon after fell into a sleep which lasted some hours, for when he awoke the moon was higher in the heavens, the voices of the wolves were hushed and the city was silent.

As he lay in a revery, much absorbed in his own thoughts, he gradually became aware of mysterious changes taking place, as if by stealth, about him. A decorated ceiling appeared to be closing over the hall. Mirrors and tinted walls slowly crept in place of ivy and crumbling bricks. A faint glow grew stronger and more intense until it filled the great room with a dazzling light.

Then came softly into view a table of curious form, set out with flowers and innumerable dishes of glass and porcelain, as for a feast.

Standing about the room he saw solemn men with beardless faces, all in black attire, whose garments bore triangular openings upon the chest to show the shirt beneath. These personages he soon discovered were servants.

As he gazed in bewilderment, there entered other figures, two by two, who took their seats about the table. These later comers, sixty or more, were men and women walking arm in arm, the women in rich attire of unfamiliar fashion and sparkling with precious stones. The men were clad like the servants.

They ate and drank and laughed, and formed a brilliant scene. Lev-el-Hedyd rose to his feet, and moved by a curiosity he made no effort to resist, — for he is a reckless fellow and knows no fear — he hobbled out into the room.

They looked upon him in surprise, and seemed much amused at his presence. One of the guests, a tall youth with yellow

mustaches, approached him, offering a delicate crystal vessel filled with a sparkling fluid.

Lev-el-Hedyd took it.

The youth raised another from the table, and with a slight gesture as if in salutation, he said in words which my comrade understood, though he swears it was a language unknown to him, "We may meet again the fourth of next month."

He then drank the wine, and so did Lev-el-Hedyd.

Hereupon the others smiled as if at their comrade's wit, all save the women, whose tender faces spoke more of pity than of mirth. The wine flew to his brains as he drank it, and things about him seemed to reel and spin. Strains of fantastic music burst upon his ears, then, all in rhythm, the women joined their partners and whirled about him with a lightsome step. And, moving with it, his throbbing brain seemed dancing from his head. The room itself, all swaying and quivering with the melody, grew dim and stole from view. The music softly died away.

Again was silence, the moon above looking calmly own upon the ivied walls.

He fell like a drunken man upon the floor, and did not wake till our voices called him.

Such his tale.

He has a clear head and is no liar, but so many grapes upon an empty stomach with the fever from his swollen limb might well explain it.

* * * * * * *

Bear's meat for dinner.

This morning toward noon Kuzundam, the second officer, wandered on ahead of us, and entered a large building in pursuit of a rabbit. He was about descending to the basement below, when he saw, close before him, a bear leisurely mounting the marble stairs. Kuzundam is no coward, but he turned and ran as he never ran before. The bear, who seemed of a sportive nature, also ran, and in close pursuit of our friend. Luckily for my friend we happened to be near, otherwise instead of our eating bear's meat, the bear might have lunched quietly off Kuzundam in the shady corridors of the "Fifth Avenue Hotel."

17*th May.*

Today a scorching heat that burns the lungs. We started in the morning prepared to spend the night ashore, and explore the northern end of the city. It was a pleasant walk through the soft grass of the shady streets, but in those places unsheltered from the sun we were as fish upon a fryingpan. Other dwellings we saw, even larger and more imposing than the one we entered yesterday. We were

KUZUNDAM'S NARROW ESCAPE

tempted to explore them, but Lev-el-Hedyd wisely dissuaded us, saying the day was waxing hotter each hour and it could be done on our return.

In the northern part of the town are many religious temples, with their tall towers like slender pyramids, tapering to a point. They are curious things, and surprisingly well preserved. The interiors of these temples are uninteresting. Nofuhl says the religious rites of the Mehrikans were devoid of character. There were many religious beliefs, all complicated and insignificant variations one from another, each sect having its own temples and refusing to believe as the others. This is amusing to a Persian, but mayhap was a serious matter with them. One day in each week they assembled, the priests reading long moral lectures written by themselves, with music by hired singers. They then separated, taking no thought of temple or priest for another seven days. Nofuhl says they were not a religious people. That the temples were filled mostly with women.

In the afternoon we found it necessary to traverse a vast pleasure-ground, now a wild forest, but with traces still visible of broad promenades and winding driveways.* There remains an avenue of bronze stat-

*Olbaldeh thinks this must be the Centralpahk some times alluded to in Mehrikan literature.

ues, most of them yet upright and in good condition, but very comic. Lev-el-Hedyd and I still think them caricatures, but Nofuhl is positive they were serious efforts, and says the Mehrikans were easily pleased in matters of art.

We lost our way in this park, having nothing to guide us as in the streets of the city. This was most happy, as otherwise we should have missed a surprising discovery.

It occurred in this wise.

Being somewhat overcome by the heat we halted upon a little hill to rest ourselves. While reclining beneath the trees I noticed unusual carvings upon a huge block against which Lev-el-Hedyd was supporting his back. They were unlike any we had seen, and yet they were not unfamiliar. As I lay there gazing idly at them it flashed upon me they were Egyptian. We at once fell to examining the block, and found to our amazement an obelisk of Egyptian granite, covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics of an antiquity exceeding by thousands of years the most ancient monuments of the country!

Verily, we were puzzled!

"When did the Egyptians invade Mehrika?" quoth Bhoz-ja-khaz, with a solemn look, as if trying to recall a date.

"No Egyptian ever heard of Mehrika," said Nofuhl. "This obelisk was finished twenty centuries before the first Mehrikan was weaned. In all probability it was brought here as a curiosity, just as we take to Persia the bronze head of George-wash-yn-tun."

We spent much time over the monument, and I think Nofuhl was disappointed that he could not bring it away with him.

Also while in this park we came to a high tower, standing by itself, and climbed to the top, where we enjoyed a wide-spreading view.

The extent of the city is astounding.

Miles away in the river lay the *Zlotuhb*, a white speck on the water. All about us in every direction as far as sight can reach were ruins, and ruins, and ruins. Never was a more melancholy sight. The blue sky, the bright sunshine, the sweet-scented air with the gay flowers and singing birds only made it sadder. They seemed a mockery.

We have encamped for the night, and I can write no more. Countless flying insects gather about us with a hateful buzz, and bite us beyond endurance. They are a pest thrice accursed.

I tell Nofuhl his fine theory concerning the extinction of the Yahnkis is a good tale for those who have never been here.

No man without a leather skin could survive a second night.

IN ONE OF THE TEMPLES

18*th May.*

Poor Ja-khaz is worse than sick.

He had an encounter last night with a strange animal, and his defeat was ignoble. The animal, a pretty thing, much like a kitten, was hovering near when Ja-khaz, with rare courage and agility, threw himself upon it.

And then what happened none of us can state with precision. We know we held our noses and fled. And Ja-khaz! No words can fit him. He carries with him an odor to devastate a province. We had to leave him ashore and send him fresh raiment.

This is, verily, a land of surprises.

Our hands and faces still smart from the biting insects, and the perfume of the odorous kitten promises to be ever with us.

Nofuhl is happy. We have discovered hundreds of metal blocks, the poorest of which he asserts would be the gem of a museum. They were found by Fattan-laiz-eh in the basement of a high building, all laid carefully away upon iron shelves. The flood of light they throw upon the manners and customs of this ludicrous people renders them of priceless value to historians.

I harbor a suspicion that it causes Nofuhl some pleasure to sit upon the cool deck of the *Zlotuhb* and watch Bhoz-ja-khaz walking to and fro upon the ruins of a distant wharf.

19*th May.*

The air is cooler. Grip-til-lah thinks a storm is brewing.

Even Nofuhl is puzzled over the wooden image we brought aboard yesterday. It is well preserved, with the barbaric coloring still fresh upon it. They found it standing upright in a little shop.

How these idols were worshipped, and why they are found in little shops and never in the great temples is a mystery. It has a diadem of feathers on the head, and as we sat smoking upon the deck this evening I remarked to Nofuhl that it might be the portrait of some Mehri-

kan noble. Whereupon he said they had no nobles.

"But the Mehrikans of gentle blood," I asked, "had they no titles?"

"Neither titles nor gentle blood," he answered. "And as they were all of much the same origin, and came to this country simply to thrive more fatly than at home, there was nothing except difference in wealth on which to establish a superior order. Being deep respecters of money this was a satisfying distinction. It soon resulted that those families who possessed riches for a generation or two became the substitute for an aristrocracy. This upper class was given to sports and pastimes, spending their wealth freely, being prodigiously fond of display. Their intellectual development was feeble, and they wielded but little influence save in social matters. They followed closely the fashions of foreign aristocracies. Great attentions were paid to wandering nobles from other lands. Even distant relatives of titled people were greeted with the warmest enthusiasm.

20th May.

An icy wind from the Northeast with a violent rain. Yesterday we gasped with the hot air. Today we are shivering in winter clothing.

21st May.

The same as yesterday. Most of us are ill. My teeth chatter and my body is both hot and cold. A storm more wicked never wailed about a ship. Lev-el-Hedyd calls it the shrieking voices of the seventy millions of Mehrikans who must have perished in similar weather.

16th June.

It is many days since I have touched this journal. A hateful sickness has been upon me, destroying all energy and courage. A sort of fever, and yet my limbs were cold. I could not describe it if I would.

Nofuhl came into the cabin this evening with some of his metal plates and discoursed upon them. He has no respect for the intellects of the early Mehrikans. I thought for a moment I had caught him in a contradiction, but he was right as usual. It was thus:

Nofuhl: They were great readers.

Khan-li: You have told us they had no literature. Were they great readers of nothing?

Nofuhl: Verily, thou hast said it! Vast sheets of paper were published daily in which all crimes were recorded in detail. The more revolting the deed, the more minute the description. Horrors were their chief delight. Scandals were drunk in with thirstful eyes. These chronicles

A STREET SCENE IN ANCIENT NHU-YOK.

[The costumes and manner of riding are taken from metal plates now in the museum at Teheran.]

of crime and filth were issued by hundreds of thousands. There was hardly a family in the land but had one.

Khan-li: And did this take the place of literature?

Nofuhl: Even so.

20th June.

Once more we are on the sea; two days from Nhu-Yok. Our decision was a sudden one. Nofuhl, in an evil moment, found among those accursed plates a map of the country, and thereupon was seized with an unreasoning desire to visit a town called "Washington". I wavered and at last consented, foolishly I believe, for the crew are loud for Persia. And this town is inland on a river. He says it was their finest city, the seat of Government, the capital of the country. Grip-til-lah swears he can find it if the map is truthful.

Ja-khaz still eats by himself.

2d July.

We are on the river that leads to "Washington". Grip-til-lah says we shall sight it tomorrow. The river is a dirty color.

3d July.

We see ahead of us the ruins of a great dome, also a very high shaft. Probably they belong to the city we seek.

4th July.

A date we shall not forget!

Little did I realize this morning when we left the *Zlotuhb* in such hilarious mood what dire events awaited us. I landed about noon, accompanied by Nofuhl, Lev - el - Hedyd, Bhoz - ja - khaz, Ad-el-pate, Kuzundam the first mate, Tik'l-palyt the cook, Fattan-laiz-eh, and two sailors. Our march had scarce begun when a s t a r t l i n g discovery caused great commotion in our minds. We had halted at Nofuhl's request, to decipher the inscription upon a stone, when Lev-el-Hedyd, who had started on, stopped short with a sudden exclamation. We hastened to him, and there, in the soft earth, was the imprint of human feet!

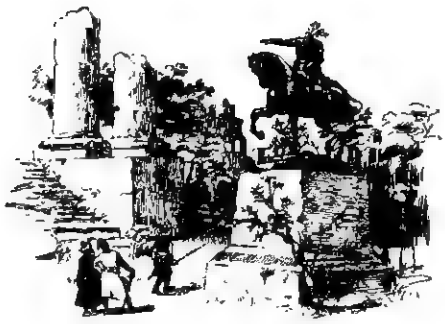
I cannot describe our surprise. We decided to follow the footprints, and soon found they were leading us toward the great dome more directly than we could have gone ourselves. Our excitement was beyond words. Those of us who had weapons carried them in readiness. The path was little used, but clearly marked. It wound about among fallen fragments and crumbling statues, and took us along a wide avenue between buildings of vast size and solidity, far superior to any we had seen in Nhu-Yok. It seemed a city of monuments.

As we ascended the hill to the great temple and saw it through the trees rising high above us, we were much impressed by its vast size and beauty. Our eyes wandered in admiration over the massive columns, each hewn from a single block, still white and fresh as if newly quarried. The path took us under one of the lower arches of the building, and we emerged upon the other side. This front we found even more beautiful than the one facing the city. At the center was a flight of steps of magnificent proportions, now falling asunder and overgrown in many places with grass and flowers.

These steps we ascended. As I climbed silently up, the others following, I saw two human feet, the soles toward us, resting upon the balustrade above. With a gesture I directed Nofuhl's attention to them, and the old man's eyes twinkled with delight. Was it a Mehrikan? I confess to a lively excitement at the prospect of meeting one. How many were they? and how could they treat us?

Looking down upon my little band to see that all were there, I boldly marched up the remaining steps and stood before him.

He was reclining upon a curious little four-legged seat, with his feet upon the balustrade, about on a level with his head. Clad in skins and rough cloth he looked much like a hunter, and he gazed quietly upon me, as though a Persian noble were a daily guest. Such a reception



THROUGH THE STREETS OF "WASHINGTON."

was not gratifying, especially as he remained in the same position, not even withdrawing his feet. He nodded his curious head down once and up again, deeming it apparently a sufficient salutation.

The maintenance of my own dignity before my followers forbade my standing thus before a seated barbarian, and I made a gesture for him to rise. This he answered in an unseemly manner by ejecting from his mouth a brownish fluid, projecting it over and beyond the balustrade in front of him. Then looking upon me as if about to laugh, and yet with a grave face, he uttered something in an unmusical voice which I failed to understand.

Upon this Nofuhl, who had caught the meaning of one or two words, stepped hastily forward and addressed him in his own language. But the barbarian undrstood with difficulty and they had much trouble in conversing, chiefly from reason of Nofuhl's pronunciation. He afterward told me that this man's language differed but little from that of the Mehrikans, as they wrote it eleven centuries ago.

When he finally arose in talking with Nofuhl I could better observe him. He was tall and bony, with an awkward neck, and appeared at first glance to be a man of forty years. We decided later he was under thirty. His yellow skin and want of hair made him seem much older than he was. I was also much puzzled by the expression of his face. It was one of deep sadness, yet his eyes were full of mirth, and a corner of his mouth was ever drawing up as if in mockery. For myself I liked not his manner. He appeared little impressed by so many strangers, and bore himself as though it were of small importance whether we understood him or not. But Nofuhl since informed me that he asked a multitude of questions concerning us.

What Nofuhl gathered was this:

This Mehrikan with his wife and one old man were all that remained of his race. Thirty-one had died this summer. In ancient times there were many millions of his countrymen. They were the greatest nation upon the earth. He could not read. He had two names, one was "Jon", the other he had forgotten. They lived in this temple because it

was cool. When the temple was built, and for what purpose, he could not tell. He pointed to the West and said the country in that direction was covered with ruined cities.

When Nofuhl told him we were friends, and presented him at my direction with a hunting-knife of fine workmanship, he pushed out his right arm toward me and held it there. For an instant Nofuhl looked at the arm wonderingly, as did we all, then with s u d d e n intelligence he seized the outstretched hand in his own, and moved it up and down. This was interesting, for Nofuhl tells me it was a form of greeting a m o n g the ancient Mehrikans.

While all this was going on we had moved into the great circular hall beneath the dome. This hall was of vast proportions, and there were still traces of its former splendor. Against the walls were marble statues entwined in ivy, looking down upon us with melancholy eyes. Here also we met a thin old man, who hairless head and beardless face almost moved us to mirth.

At Nofuhl's request our host led the way into some of the smaller rooms to show us their manner of living, and it would be impossible to imagine a more pathetic mixture of glory and decay, of wealth and poverty, of civilization and barbarity. Old furniture, dishes of silver, bronze images, even paintings and ornaments of great value were scattered through the rooms, side-by-side with the most primitive implements. It was plain the ancient arts were long since forgotten.

When we returned to the circular hall our host disappeared for a few moments into a room which he had not shown us. He came back bringing a stone vase with a narrow neck, and was followed by a maiden who bore

THE RUINS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE PERSIANS.

drinking-cups of copper and tin. These she deposited upon a fallen fragment of the dome which served as a table.

This girl was interesting. A dainty head, delicate features, yellow hair, blue eyes and a gentle sadness of mien that touched my heart. Had she been ugly what a different ending to this day!

We all saluted her, and the Mehrikan spoke a few words which we interpreted as a presentation. He filled the cups from the stone vase, and then saying something which Nofuhl failed to catch, he held his cup before his face with a peculiar movement and put it to his lips. As he did this Lev-el-Hedyd clutched my arm and exclaimed, "The very gesture of the ghost!"

And then as if to himself, "And this is July fourth."

But he drank, as did we all, for our thirst was great and the odor of the golden liquid was most alluring. It tasted hotter than the fires of Jelbuz. It was also of great potency and gave a fine exhilaration to the senses. We became happier at once.

And here it was that Ja-khaz did a fatal thing. Being near the maid and much affected by her beauty, he addressed her as *Hur-al-nissa,** which, of course, she understood not. This were well had he gone no further, but he next put his arm about her waist with intent to kiss her. Much terrified, she tried to free herself. But Ja-khaz, holding her

*The most angelic of women.

fair chin with his other hand, had brought his lips almost to hers when the old man raised his heavy staff and brought it down upon our comrade's head with cruel swiftness. This falling stick upon a solid skull resounded about the dome and echoed through the empty corridors.

Bhoz-ja-khaz blinked and staggered back.

Then, with fury in his face, he sprang savagely toward the aged man.

But here the younger Mehrikan interfered. R a p i d l y approaching them and shutting tight his bony hand, he shot it from him with startling velocity, so directing that it came in contact with the face of Ja-khaz who, to our amazement, sat roughly upon the marble pavement, the blood streaming from his nostrils. He was a pitiful sight.

Unaccustomed to such warfare we were seriously alarmed, and thought him killed perhaps. Ad-el-pate, a mighty wrestler, and of powerful build, rushed furiously upon the Mehrikan for whom I trembled. But his arm again went out before him, and Ad-el-pate l i k e w i s e sat. A mournful spectacle, and every Persian felt his heart beat fast within him.

By this time Ja-khaz was on his feet again, purple with rage. With uplifted scimitar he sprang toward our host. The old man stepped between. Ja-khaz, with wanton cruelty, brought his steel upon the ancient head, and stretched him upon the floor. For an instant the younger one s t o o d horror - stricken, then snatching from the floor the patriarch's staff — a heavy stick with an iron end — he jumped forward, and, quicker than words can tell it, dealt a frightful blow upon the head of Ja-khaz which sent him headlong to the ground with a broken skull.

All this had happened in a moment, and wild confusion followed. My followers drew their arms and rushed upon the Mehrikan. The girl ran forward either from terror or to shield her spouse, I know not which, when a flying arrow from a sailor's cross-bow pierced her to the heart.

This gave the Mehrikan the energy of twenty men.

He knocked brave Kuzundam senseless with a blow that would have killed an ox. Such fury I had not conceived. He brought his flying staff like a thunderbolt from Heaven upon the Persian skulls, yet always edging toward the door to prevent his enemies surrounding him. Four of our number, in as many minutes, joined Ja-khaz upon the f l o o r. Kuzundam, Ad-el-pate, Fattan-laiz-eh, and Ha-tak, a sailor, lay stretched upon the

THE LAST OF THE MEHRIKANS

pavement, all dead or grievously wounded.

So suddenly had this taken place, that I hardly realized what had happened. I rushed forward to stay the combat, but he mistook the purpose, struck my scimitar with a force that sent it flying through the air, and had raised his taff to deal a second for myself, when brave Lev-el-Hedyd stepped in to save me, and thrust quickly at him. But alas! the Mehrikan warded off his stroke with one yet quicker, and brought his stick so swiftly against my comrade's head that it laid him with the others.

When Lev-el-Hedyd fell I saw the Mehrikan had many wounds, for my comrades had made a savage onslaught. He tottered as he moved back into the doorway, where he leaned against the wall for an instant, his eyes meeting ours with a look of defiance and contempt that I would willingly forget. Then the staff dropped from his hand; he staggered out to the great portico, and fell his length upon the pavement. Nofuhl hastened to him, but he was dead.

As he fell a wonderful thing took place—an impossible thing, as I look back upon it, but both Nofuhl and I saw it distinctly.

In front of the great steps and facing this doorway is a large sitting image of George-wash-yn-tun. As the Mehrikan staggered out upon the porch, his hands outstretched before him and with Death at his heart, this statue slowly bowed its head as if in recognition of a gallant fight.

Perhaps it was the sorrowful acceptance of a bitter ending.

7th July.

Again upon the sea.

This time for Persia, bearing our wounded and the ashes of the dead; those of the natives are reposing beneath the Great Temple.

The skull of the last Mehrikan I shall present to the museum at Teheran.

THE MAN WHO AWOKE

by LAURENCE MANNING

(author of *Voice Of Atlantis, Seeds From Space*)

He had lived a full and rewarding life in his own times, but now Winters wanted to see the future. And there was a way . . .

IT WAS IN all the newspapers for the entire month of September. Reports came in from such out-of-the-way places as Venezuela and Monte Carlo: "MISSING BANKER FOUND." But such reports always proved false. The disappearance of Norman Winters was at last given up as one of those mysteries that can only be solved by the great detectives Time and Chance. His description was broadcast from one end of the civilized world to the other. Five feet eleven inches tall; brown hair; grayish dark eyes; aquiline nose; fair complexion; age forty-six; hobbies: history and biology; distinguishing marks: a small mole set at the corner of the right nostril.

His son could spare little time for search, for just a month before his disappearance Winters had practically retired from active affairs and left their direction to his son's capable hands. There was no clue as to motive, for he had absolutely no enemies and possessed a great deal of money with which to indulge his dilettante scientific hobbies.

By October only the highly paid detective bureau that his son employed gave the vanished man any further thought. Snow came early that year in the Westchester suburb where the Winters estate lay and it covered the ground with a blanket of white. In the hills across the Hudson the bears had hiber-

Copyright 1933 by Continental Publications, Inc., for WONDER STORIES, March; by permission of Laurence Manning.

Much of the material by the late *Fletcher Pratt* which appeared in science fiction magazines consisted of collaborations and translations; and it was in the May 1930 issue of SCIENCE WONDER STORIES (the final issue of the magazine under that title) that we saw a new collaborator, LAURENCE MANNING. The story was *The City Of The Living Dead*, a very powerful tale indeed. We do not know whether their other collaboration, *Expedition To Pluto*, was written around this time; it did not see print until 1939, when it popped up in the initial number of PLANET STORIES.

After reading *The City Of The Living Dead*, many readers hoped to see more tales by the Manning-Pratt team in WONDER STORIES, but we looked in vain. (Did Gernsback or David Lasser reject *Expedition To Pluto* — perhaps Mr. Manning can tell us what happened.) Then in June 1932, the Summer issue of WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY came out (the last of the big fat 50¢ issues — there would be two further thin 25¢ issues), containing a long novelet, *The Voyage Of The Asteroid*, by Laurence Manning. This tale indicated that Manning was, indeed, a very fine author in his own right, and the sequel, which ran in three parts at the end of the year, *The Wreck Of The Asteroid* (WONDER STORIES, December 1932, January and February 1933) consolidated that impression. And in the following issue, we saw *The Man Who Awoke*, which proved to be the first of a series of five tales. At the end of the year, the "Stranger Club" series began; and if you have not read them, you'll find them listed in the contents of back issues of MAGAZINE OF HORROR as well as the first two issues of FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION. All the Laurence Manning stories that we have run in MOH and FSF prior to this present issue are parts of that series.

nated and lay sleeping under their earthen and icy blanket.

In the pond on the estate the frogs had vanished from sight and lay hidden in the mud at the bottom — a very miracle in suspended animation for biologists to puzzle over. The world went on about its winter business and gave up the vanished banker for lost. The frogs might have given them a clue — or the bears.

But even stranger than these was the real hiding place of Norman Winters. Fifty feet beneath the frozen earth he lay in a hollow chamber a dozen feet across. He was curled up on soft eiderdown piled five feet deep and his eyes were shut in the darkness of absolute night and in utter quiet. During October his heart beat slowly and gently and his breast, had there been light to see by, might have been observed to rise and fall very slightly. By November these signs of life no longer existed in the motionless figure.

The weeks sped by and the snow melted. The bears came hungrily out of winter quarters and set about restoring their

wasted tissues. The frogs made the first warm nights of spring melodious to nature-lovers and hideous to light sleepers.

But Norman Winters did not rise from his sleep with these vernal harbingers. Still—deathly still—lay his body and the features were waxy white. There was no decay and the flesh was clean and fresh. No frost penetrated to this great depth; but the chamber was much warmer than this mere statement would indicate. Definite warmth came from a closed box in one corner and had come from it all the winter. From the top of the chamber wall a heavy leaden pipe came through the wall from the living rock beyond and led down to this closed box. Another similar pipe led out from it and down through the floor. Above the box was a dial like a clock-face in appearance. Figures on it read in thousands from one to one hundred and a hand pointed to slightly below the two thousand mark.

Two platinum wires ran from the box over to the still figure on its piled couch and ended in golden bands — one around one wrist and one circling the opposite ankle. By his side stood a cabinet of carved stone — shut and mysterious as anything in that chamber. But no light was here to see by, only darkness; the black of eternal night; the groping stifling darkness of the tomb. Here was no cheering life-giving radiation of any kind. The unchanging leaden metal sealed in the air from which the dust had settled completely, as it never does on the surface of our world, and had left it as pure and motionless as crystal — and as lifeless. For without change and motion there can be no life. A faint odor remained in the atmosphere of some disinfectant, as though not even bacteria had been permitted to exist in this place of death.

AT THE END of a month Vincent Winters (the son of the missing man) made a thorough examination of all the facts and possible clues that the detectives had brought to light bearing upon his father's disappearance. They amounted to very little. On a Friday, September 8th, his father had spent the day on his estate; he had dinner alone, read awhile in the library, had written a letter or two and retired to his bedroom early. The next morning he had failed to put in an appearance for breakfast and Dibbs, the butler, after investigating, reported that his bed had not been slept in. The servants had, of course, all been minutely questioned even though their characters were such as almost to preclude suspicion. One only — and he the oldest and most loyal of them all — had acted and spoken in answer to questions in a fashion that aroused the curiosity

of Vincent Winters. This man was Carstairs, the gardener — a tall ungainly Englishman with a long sad-looking face. He had been for twelve years in the employ of Mr. Winters.

On Friday night, about midnight, he had been seen entering his cottage with two shovels over his shoulder — itself, perhaps, not an incriminating circumstance, but his explanation lacked credibility: he had, he said, been digging in the garden.

"But why *two* shovels, Carstairs?" asked Vincent for the hundredth time and received the same unvarying answer: "I'd mislaid one shovel earlier in the day and went and got another. Then I found the first as I started home."

Vincent rose to his feet restlessly. "Come," he said, "show me the place you were digging."

And Carstairs paled slightly and shook his head.

"What, man! You refuse?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Vincent. Yes, I must refuse to show you . . . *that*."

There were a few moments of silence in the room. Vincent sighed. "Well, Carstairs, you leave me no choice. You are almost an institution on this place; my boyhood memories of the estate are full of pictures of you. But I shall have to turn you over to the police just the same," and he stared with hardening eyes at the old servitor.

The man started visibly and opened his mouth as if to speak, but closed it again with true British obstinacy. Not until Vincent had turned and picked up the telephone did he speak.

"Stop, Mr. Vincent."

Vincent turned in his chair to look at him, the receiver in his hand. "I cannot show you the place I was digging, for Mr. Winters ordered me not to show it to anyone."

"You surely don't expect me to believe that!"

"You will still insist?"

"Most assuredly."

"Then I have no choice. In case it were absolutely necessary to do so, I was to tell you these words: 'Steubenaur on Metabolism.'"

"What on Earth does that mean?"

"I was not informed, sir."

"You mean my father told you to say that if you were suspected of his . . . er . . . of being connected with his disappearance?"

The gardener nodded without speaking.

"H'M . . . SOUNDS like the name of a book . . ." and Vincent went into the library and consulted the neatly arranged card catalog. There was the book, right enough, an old brown leather volume in the biological section. As Vincent opened it wonderingly an envelope fell out and onto the floor. He pounced upon this and found it

addressed to himself in his father's handwriting. With trembling anxious fingers he opened and read:

My dear son:

It would be better, perhaps, if you were never to read this. But it is a necessary precaution. Carstairs *may* in some unforseen way be connected with my disappearance. I anticipate this possibility because it is true. He has in very fact helped me disappear and at my own orders. He obeyed these orders with tears and expostulation and was to the very end just what has has always been—a good and devoted servant. Please see that he is never in want.

The discovery and investigation of the so-called 'cosmic' rays was of the greatest interest to us biologists, my son. Life is a chemical reaction consisting fundamentally in the constant, tireless breaking up of organic molecules and their continual replacement by fresh structures formed from the substance of the food we eat. Lifeless matter is comparatively changeless. A diamond crystal, for instance, is composed of molecules which do not break up readily. There is no change — no life — going on in it. Organic molecules and cells are termed 'unstable,' but why they should be so was neither properly understood nor explained until cosmic rays were discovered. Then we supected the truth: The bombardment of living tissue by these minute high-speed particles caused that constant changing of detail which we term 'life'.

Can you guess now the nature of my experiment? For three years I worked on my idea. Herkimer of Johns Hopkins helped me with the drug I shall use and Mortimer of Harvard worked out my ray-screen requirements. But neither one knew what my purpose might be in the investigations. Radiation cannot penetrate six feet of lead buried far beneath the ground. During the past year I have constructed, with Carstairs' help, just such a shielded chamber on my estate. Tonight I shall descend into it and Carstairs shall fill in the earth over the tunnel entrance and plant sod over the earth so that it can never be found.

Down in my lead-walled room I shall drink my special drug and fall into a coma which would on the surface of Earth last (at most) a few hours. But down there, shielded from all change, I shall never wake until I am again subjected to radiation. A powerful X-ray bulb is connected and set in the wall and upon the elapse of my allotted time this will light, operated by the power generated from a subterranean stream I have piped through my chamber.

The X-ray radiation will, I hope, awaken me from my long sleep and I shall arise and climb up through the tunnel to the world above. And I shall see with these two eyes the glory of the world that is to be when Mankind has risen on the stepping-stones of science to iits great destiny.

Do not try to find me! You will marry and forget me in your new interests. As you know, I have turned over to you my entire wealth. You wondered why at the time. Now you know. By all means marry. Have healthy children. I shall see your descendants in the future, I hope, although I travel very far in time. One hundred and twenty generations will have lived and died when I awaken and the Winters blood will have had time to spread throughout the entire world.

Oh my son, I can hardly wait! It is nine o'clock now and I must get started upon my adventure! The call is stronger than the ties of blood. When I awaken you will have been dead three thousand years, Vincent. I shall never see you again. Farewell, my son! Farewell

And so the disappearance of Norman Winters passed into minor history. The detective agency made its final report and received its last check with regret. Vincent Winters married the next year and took up his residence upon his father's estate. Carstairs aged rapidly and was provided with strong young assistants to carry on the work of the place. He approached Vincent one day, years later, and made the request that he might be buried on the estate at the foot of the mound covered with hemlock and rhododendrons. Vincent laughed at the suggestion and assured him that he would live many a year yet, but the old gardener was dead within a year and Vincent had the tomb dug rather deeper than is usual, peering often over the shoulder of the laborer into the depth of the grave. . But he saw nothing there except earth and stones. He erected a heavy flat slab of reinforced concrete on the spot.

"Most peculiar, if you ask me," said old Dibbs to the housekeeper. "It's almost as if Mr. Vincent wanted Carstairs' stone to last a thousand years. Why, they cut the letters six inches deep in it!"

In due time Vincent Winters himself died and was buried beside the gardener at his earnest request. There remained no one on Earth who remembered Norman Winters..

2

IT WAS NIGHT and great blue sheets of flame lit the sky with a ghastly glare. Suddenly a blinding flash enveloped him —he felt a million shooting pains in every limb—he was lying on the ground helpless and suffering—he fell into a brief unconsciousness.

A dozen times he awakened and each time he shrieked with the pain in his whole body and opened his eyes upon a small room lit by a penetrating blue electric bulb. Numberless times he tried to move his right hand to shield his eyes but found he could not force his muscles to obey his will. Days must have passed, as he lay there, with sweat dotting his brow with the effort, and finally one day his hand moved up slowly. He lay a full minute recovering. He did not know where he was. Then from the depths of infinity a little memory came into his dulled brain; a memory with a nameless joy in it. And slowly his surroundings struck new meaning and a vast thrill coursed through him. He was awake! Had he succeeded? Was he really alive in the distant future?

He lay quiet a moment letting the great fact of his awakening sink in. His eyes turned to the stone cabinet beside his couch. Slowly his hand reached out and pulled softly at the

handle and a compartment on the level of his face revealed two bottles of yellowish liquor. With gasping effort he reached one and dragged it over to him. succeeding in spilling a little of its contents but also in getting a mouthful which he swallowed. Then he lay quietly a full half hour, eyes purposefully and lips tightly pressed together in the agony of awakened animation, while the medicine he had taken coursed through his veins like fire and set nerves a-tingling in arms and legs and (finally) in very fingertips and toes.

When he again opened his eyes he was weak but otherwise normal. The stone cabinet now yielded concentrated meat lozenges from a metal box and he partook very sparingly from the second bottle of liquid. Then he swung his legs down from the eiderdown couch, now tight-compressed from its original five feet to a bare two feet of depth by his age-long weight, and crossed the chamber to the clock.

"Five thousand!" he read breathlessly, clasping his thin hands together in delight. But could it be true? He must get outside! He reached down to a valve in the leaden piping and filled a glass tumbler with cold water which he drank greedily and refilled and drank again. He looked about curiously to note the changes time had produced on his chamber, but he had planned well and little or nothing had deteriorated.

The lead pipe was coated with a few tiny cracks in its surface and particles of white dust lay in them, where the cold water had gthered the moisture of the air by condensation. But this could not have been helped, for the stream of water through this pipe was all that kept the tiny generator turnng —that made possble the heated chamber and the final blaze of the specially constructed X-ray lamp that now filled his whole being with its life-restoring radiations.

Winters removed the cover from the power box and examined the motor and generator with great care. The chromium metal parts and the jewelled bearings showed no slightest sign of wear. Did that mean that only a few years had elapsed? He doubted his clock's accuracy. He replaced the covering and b r u s h e d off his hands, for everything was coated with dusty sediment. Next, Winters examined the heat elements and placed a glass container of water upon them to heat. With more of his meat concentrate he made a hot soup and drank it thankfully.

NOW HE WENT eagerly to the door in the lead wall and pulled at the locking lever. It resisted and he pulled harder,

finally exerting all the strength he had in the effort. It was useless. The door was immovable! He leaned against it a moment, panting, then stooped and scrutinized the door-jamb. With a chill of dread he observed that the leaden chamber-wall had become coated at the crack with a fine white dust. It had rusted the door into place! Had he awakened only to die here like a rat in a trap?

In his weakened condition he felt despair creep over his body and mind helplessly. He again sank back on his couch and stared desperately at the door. It was hours before the simple solution to his difficulties occurred to him. The locking lever—of course! It was of stainless steel and held to the door only by one bolt. A matter of a dozen turns loosened the nut on this bolt and the lever came away freely in his hands.

With this bar of stout metal as a crowbar he easily pried into the soft lead wall beside the door-jamb and, obtaining a fulcrum, put his frail weight on the end of the lever. The door gave inward an inch! In a few minutes his efforts were rewarded. The door groaned protestingly as it swung open and Winters looked up the ancient stone steps, half-lit by the room's illumination. But in the open doorway a chill draft blew on his ragged and time-tattered garments and he went back to the chamber and commenced unscrewing a circular cover set into the wall.

It came away heavily with a hiss of air, for it had enclosed a near-vacuum, and Winters pulled out clothes neatly folded. He was relieved to find a leather packet still strong and perfect. It had been well oiled and was as supple as new. Some woolen things had not fared so well, but stout corduroy breeches of linen fibre seemed well preserved and he put these on. A tightly covered crock of glass filled with oil yielded a pistol designed to shoot lead bullets under compressed air and a neat roll of simple tools: a small saw, a file, a knife and a handaxe. These he thrust into the waist-band of his breeches, which had been slit around the belt to accommodate them.

Now with a last look around, Norman Winters started up the steps, guided only by the light from the chamber behind. He stumbled over fallen stones and drifted earth as he climbed and at the top came to a mat of tree-roots sealing him in. And now the axe was yielded delicately by those enfeebled arms and many minutes passed in severing one small piece at a time. The capstone which had originally covered the tunnel had been split and pressed to one side by the force of the growing tree and after the third large root had been severed a small

cascade of earth and pebbles let down on him a blazing flood of sunlight.

He paused and forced himself to return to his chamber; filled a glass bottle with water and slung it to his belt; put a handful of concentrated food in his pocket, and left the chamber for good, closing the door behind him and turning off the light.

It took a few minutes only to squeeze his head and shoulders through the opening between the roots and he looked about him with pounding heart.

But what was this? He was in the middle of a forest!

UPON ALL SIDES stretched the trees — great sky-thrusting boles with here and there a clump of lesser growth, but set so evenly and spaced so regularly as to betray human oversight. The ground was softly deep in dead leaves and over them trailed a motley of vine-like plants. Winters recognized a cranberry vine and the bright wintergreen berries among others he did not know. A pleasant sort of forest, he decided, and he set off rather hesitantly through the trees to see what he could find, his mind full of speculations as to how long it must have taken these trees to grow. To judge from the warmth it must be about noon of a midsummer's day but what year? Certainly many of the trees were over 100 years old!

He had not progressed more than a hundred yards before he came upon a clearing ahead and, passing beyond a fringe of shrubs he came into full view of a great highway. North and south it stretched and he stamped his feet upon the strange hard surface of green glass-like material. It was smooth in texture and extraordinary straight and level. For miles he could look in both directions but, gaze as he might, no slightest sign of buildings could he detect.

Here was a poser indeed: Where had the suburbs of New York gone? Had even New York itself joined the lost legion in limbo? Winters stood in indecision and finally started tramping northward along the road. About a mile further along had once been the town of White Plains. It was nearby and, even if no longer in existence, would make as good a starting point as any. His pace was slow, but the fresh air and bright sunshine set the blood coursing through his veins and he went faster as he felt his strength returning with each step. He had gone half an hour and seen no sign of human habitation when a man came out upon the glass roadway a hundred yards ahead of him. He was dressed in red and russet and held one hand over his eyes, peering at Winters, who hesitated and then continued to approach with a

wild thrill surging through his veins.

The man seemed in some vague way different. His skin was dark and tanned; features full and rounded; and eyes (Winters observed as he got nearer) a soft b r o w n. The supple body seemed alert and exuded the very breath of health, yet it was indefinably sensuous and indolent—graceful in movement. He could not for the life of him decide even what race this man of the future represented, perhaps he was a mixture of many. Then the man made a curious gesture with his left hand—a sort of circle waved in the air. Winters was puzzled, but believing it was meant for greeting imitated it awkwardly.

"Wassum! You have c h o s e n a slow way to travel!"

"I am in no hurry," replied Winters, determined to learn all he c o u l d before saying anything himself. He had to repress his natural emotions of excitement and joy. He felt an urge to shout aloud and hug this stranger in his arms.

"Have you come far?"

"I have b e e n travelling for years."

"Come with me and I will take you to our orig. No doubt you will want food and drink and walling." The words were drawled and his walk was slow: so much so that Winters felt a slight impatience. He was to feel this constantly among these people of the future.

T H E SURPRISING thing, when he came to think about it, was that the man's speech was plain English, for which he was thankful. T h e r e were new words, of course, and the accent was strange in his ears — a tang of European broad A's and positively continental R's. He was wondering if radio and recorded speech had been the causes of this persistence of the old tongue when they came to a pleasant clearing l i n e d with two - story houses of shiny brown. The walls were smooth as if welded whole from some composition plastic. But when he entered a house behind his guide he perceived that the entire wall admitted light translucently from outside and tiny windows were placed here and there purely for observation and air. He had little time to look around, for a huge dark man was eyeing him beneath bushy gray eyebrows.

"A stranger who c a m e on foot," said his guide and (to Winters) "Our chief Forester." Then he turned abruptly and left them together, without the slightest indication of curiosity.

"Wassum, stranger! Where is your orig?" asked the Forester.

"My orig? I don't understand."

"Why, your v i l l a g e of course!"

"I have none."

"What. A trogling?"

"I don't understand."

"A wild man — a herman — don't you understand human speech?"

Where I come from, there were several forms of speech, sir."

"What is this? Since the dawn of civilization two thousand years ago there has been one common speech throughout the world."

Winters made an excited note of the date. Two thousand years then, at the least, had eapsed since he entered his seeping chamber!

"I have come to learn, sir. I should like to spend several days in your village observing your life in . . er . . an elementary sort of way. For instance, how do you obtain your food here in the middle of a forest? I saw no farms or fields nearby."

"You are wassum to the walling, but farms—what are they? And fields! You will travel many a mile before you find a field near here, thanks to our ancestors! We are well planted in fine forests."

"But your food?"

The Forester raised his eyebrows. "Food — I have just said we have fine forests, a hundred square kilos of them—food and to spare! Did you walk with your eyes shut?"

"Where I come from we were not used to find food in forests, exactly. What sort of food do you get from them—remember I said I wanted elementary information, sir."

"Elementary indeed! Our chtstnut flour for baking, naturally, our dessert nuts and our vegetables, like the locust bean, the Keawe, the Catalpea and a dozen others — all the food a man could desire. Then the felled logs bear their crops of mushrooms — we have a famous strain of beekfsteak mushroom in this orig. And of course the mast-fattened swine for bacon and winter-fats and the pitch pines for engine oils—the usual forest crops. How can it be that you are ignorant of the everyday things which even schoolboys know?"

"Mine is a strange story, sir," replied Winters. "Tell me what I ask and I will tell you later anything you want to know about myself. Tell me things as though I were — oh, from another planet, or from the distant past," and Winters forced a laugh.

"This is a strange request!"

"And my story, when I tell it to you, will be stranger still —depend upon it!"

"Ha! Ha! It should prove amusing—this game! Well then, this afternoon I will spend showing you about and answering questions. After our meal tonight you shall tell me your story — but I warn you! Make

it a good one — good enough to repay me for my time!"

THEY WENT OUT into the sunlight together. The village proved to be a gathering of about fifty large houses stretching for half a mile around a long narrow clearing. The background consisted of the huge trunks, gnarled branches and dark green of the forest. The Forester himself was a rather brisk old fellow, but the villagers seemed to strike again that vague chord of strangeness — of indolence — which he had noticed in his first acquaintance. Groups lay gracefully stretched out here and there under trees and such occasional figures as were in motion seemed to move with dragging feet, to Winters' business - like mind. It came upon him that these people were downright *lazy*—and this he afterwards observed to be almost invariably true. They accomplished the work of the village in an hour or two a day —and this time was actually begrudged and every effort was being made to reduce it. The chief effort of world-wide science was devoted to this end, in fact.

The people were dressed in bright colors and the green grass and the rich brown of the buildings made a background to the colorful picture. Everywhere he saw the same racial characteristics of dark, swarthy faces and soft, liquid, brown eyes. There was something strange about the eyes — almost as if they were not set straight in the face, but a trifle aslant. Very little attention was paid Winters, except for occasional glances of idle curiosity aroused by his unusual attire. He thought the women unusually attractive, but the men seemed somehow effeminate and too soft; not but that they were fine specimens of humanity physically speaking, but that their faces were too smooth and their bodies too graceful to suit his twentieth-century ideas of what vigorous manhood should look like. Their bodies suggested the feline — cat-like grace and lethargy combined with supple strength.

Winters was told that a thousand people usually formed an "orig". Just now there were several hundred extra inhabitants and a "colorig" had been prepared fifty miles to the north and trees had been growing for half a century there, making ready for the new colony.

"But why should you not simply make your village large enough to keep the extra people right here?"

"The forest supports just so many in comfort — we are having trouble now as it is."

"But are there no larger villages where manufacturing is done?"

Of course. There are factory

origs near the Great Falls in the north. Our airwheel goes there twice a week — a two-hours' flight. But there are only a few people there; just enough to tend the machines."

The people of the village seemed happy and very much contented with life, but most of the younger men and women seemed to Winters too serious. Their dark faces hardly ever showed a smile. He entered several of the houses: among others that of the guild of cloth-makers. He was greatly interested, as if seeing an old friend, to observe wood - pulp fed through a pipe into the thread-making tubes to be hardened in an acid bath. He recognized, of course, the rayon process — new in his youth, but here considered ancient beyond history.

"How many hours a day do you work here?" he asked of the elderly attendant.

"I have worked three hours every day for the past week getting cloth ready for the new colonists," he replied grumblingly. "Perhaps we shall have some peace in this orig when the youngsters are gone!. At least there will be plenty of everything to go around once again!"

As he spoke, a young man, evidently his son, entered the thread room and stared at his father and the Forester with cold, supercilious eyes. "Wassum!" said the attendant, but the youth merely scowled in reply. He examined Winters silently and with distrust and went out again without speaking.

"Your son is a solemn chap!"

"Yes. So is his generation — they take life too seriously."

"But do they never enjoy themselves?"

"Oh yes! There is the hunting moon in fall. The young men track the deer on foot and race him — sometimes for days on end—then throw him with their bare hands. My son is a famous deer - chaser. He practises all year long for the Autumn season."

"But are there no . . . er . . . lighter pastimes?"

"There are the festivals. The next one is the festival of autumn leaves. At the time of the equinox the young people dress in russets and reds and gold and dance in a clearing in the woods which has been chosen for its outstanding autumn beauty of color. The young women compete in designing costumes."

"But the younger ones — the children?"

"They are at school until they are twenty years of age. School is the time of hard work and study. They are not permitted games or pastimes except such exexrcise as is needed to keep them in health. When they finish school, then they enter upon the rights and pleasures of their generation — a prospect which makes them work the harder to

finish their schooling as soon as may be."

AS THEY WENT out into the sunlight once more Winters observed a small airship settling down in the village campus. It was the airwheel, the Forester said, and would not leave again until dusk.

"I have never been in one," said Winters.

"You *are* a trogling," exclaimed the Forester. "Suppose we go up for a short flight, then?" and Winters eagerly agreed. They walked over to the machine which Winters examined curiously. Here, at least, three thousand years of improvements were amply noticeable. The enclosed cabin would seat about twenty persons. There were no wings at all, but three horizontal wheels (two in front and one in the rear) above the level of the cabin. A propeller projected from the nose and this was still idling when they arrived. The Forester explained his wishes to the pilot who asked which direction they should prefer to take.

"South to the water and back!" put in Winters, with visions of the thriving New York metropolitan area of his day running through his memory. They took their places and the airwheel rose gently and with only a faintly audible hum — it was practically silent flight and made at enormous speed.

In ten minutes the sea was in sight and Winters gazed breathless through the crystal windows upon several islands of varying sizes — clothed in the green blanket of dense forest. Slowly he pieced out the puzzle: there was Long Island, evidently, and over there showed Staten Island. Beneath him then lay the narrow strip of Manhattan and the forest towered over everything alike.

"There are ruins beneath the trees," said the Forester, noting his interest. "I have been there several times. Our historians believe the people of ancient times who lived here must have been afraid of the open air, for they either lived beneath the ground or raised stone buildings which could be entered without going out-of-doors: There are tunnels, which they used for roadways, running all beneath the ground in every direction."

3

AND NOW THE airship turned about and as it did so Winters caught sight of one gray pile of masonry — a tower-tip — showing above the forest. Surely it must have taken thousands of years to accomplish this oblivion of New York! And yet, he thought to himself, even one century makes buildings old.

He scarcely looked out of the window on the way back, but

sat engrossed in sad thoughts and mournful memories. They landed once more in the village clearing and he continued his tour under the Forester's guidance, but a recounting of this would be tedious. When the afternoon was over he had gathered a confusing mass of general information about life in the new age. Metals were carefully conserved and when a new colony was started its supply of metal utensils and tools was the final great gift of the parent villages. Farming was entirely unknown, and grain —which the Forester did not know except as "plant-seed"— was not used for food, although primitive races had once so used it, he said. Everything came from trees now, food, houses, clothing—even the fuel for their airships, which was wood alcohol.

The life of a villager was leisurely and pleasant, Winters decided. Hours of labour were short and the greater part of the day was devoted to social pleasures and scientific or artistic hobbies. There were artists in the village, mostly of some new faddist school whose work Winters could not in the least understand. (They painted trees and attempted to express emotions thereby). But many beautiful pieces of sculpture were set about in some of the houses. Electric power was received through the air from the great Falls, where it was generated, and each socket received its current without wiring of any sort. The village produced its own food and made its own clothes and building materials, paper, wood-alcohol, turpentine and oils. And as this village lived so, apparently, did the rest of the world.

As Winters pictured this civilization, it consisted of a great number of isolated villages, each practically self-sufficient, except for metals. By taking the airwheel from one village to the next and there changing for another ship, a man could make a quick trip across the continents and oceans of the globe. But science and art were pursued by isolated individuals, the exchange of ideas being rendered easy by the marvellously realistic television and radio instruments.

AT DUSK they returned to the Chief Forester's house for dinner.

"'I must apologize to you for the food," said he. "We are on slightly curtailed supplies, due to our population having grown faster than our new plantings. Oh, you will have a good meal— I do not mean to starve you,— but merely that you will be expected not to ask for a second service of anything and excuse the absence of luxuries from my table." His great body dropped into an upholstured chair.

"Is there no way to arrange things except by rationing yourselves while you wait for the new forests to bear crops?"

The Forester laughed a trifle bitterly. "Of course — but at a price. We could easily fell some trees for mushroom growing (they grow on dead logs) and also we could cut into the crop of edible pith-trees a little before maurity—and so all along the line. It would set us back in our plans a few years at the most, but there is no use talking about it. The Council of Youth has claimed the Rights of its Generation. The future is theirs, of course, and they object to our spending any of their resources now. We older people are a little more liberal in our views — not selfishly, but on a principle of common-sense. There have been some bitter words, I'm afraid, and the matter is by no means settled yet—for their attitude is almost fanatical and lacks all reason. But there is no need to bother you with our local affairs," and he turned the conversation into other channels.

He was forever using the expression "thanks to our ancestors," a point which Winters noted with surprise. So far one thing had eluded Winters completely: that was the history of the past ages during which all these drastic chnges had come about. When the time came that he was bade tell his story, at at the conclusion of the meal, he thought a moment as to how he might best obtain this information.

"I have travelled far," he said, "But in time—not in distance."

The Forester held a forkful of food poised in the air, eyebrows raised.

"What nonsense is this?" he demanded.

"No nonsense . . . your mushroofe *are* delicious . . . I have succeeded in controlling the duration of a state of suspended animation. I went to sleep many years ago; woke up this morning.'"

The Forester was incredulous. "How long do you pretend to have slept?"

"I don't know for sure," replied Winters. "My instruments showed a certain figure, but to be at all certain I should prefer that you tell me the history of the world. No need of anything but the rough outlines."

"Hal You promised me a story and you are most ingenious in fulfilling your promise, stranger!"

"I am, on the contrary, absolutely serious!"

"I cannot believe it—but it may be an amusing game. Let me see . . . Last year the first breadfruit trees bore in the lower temperatue zones of Earth (that is a piece of it in your plate). It has greatly changed our mode of life and it may soon

be unnecessary to grind chestnut flour for baking."

"Interesting," replied Winters. "But go back a thousand years more."

The Forester's eyes opened wide. Then he laughed delightedly. "Good! It is no lowly boaster, eh! A thousand years . . . That would be about the time of the great aluminum process. As you know, prior to that time the world was badly in need of metals. When Koenig perfected his method for producing aluminum from clay the economics of the world was turned topsy-turvy and . . . what! Farther back than a thousand years!"

"I think you might try two thousand."

THE FORESTER exploded with laughter and then sobered at a sudden thought. He glanced shrewdly at his companion a moment, and a slight coldness appeared in his eyes. "You are not by any slightest chance serious?" he asked.

"I am."

"It is absurd! In those days the human body still had an appendix — that was just after the Great Revolution when the Wasters were finally overthrown and True Economics lifted her torch to guide the world on its upward path. Two thousand years ago! Thence dates all civilized history! Such archaic customs as organized superstitions, money, and ownership by private people of land and a division of humanity into groups speaking different languages — all ended at that time. That was a stirring period!"

"Well then, go back another five hundred years."

"The height of the false civilization of Waste! Fossil plants were ruthlessly burned in furnaces to provide heat, petroleum was consumed by the million barrels, cheap metal cars were built and thrown away to rust after a few year's use, men crowded into ill-ventilated villages of a million inhabitants—some historians say several million. That was the age of race-fights where whole countrysides raised mobs and gave them explosives and poisons and sent them to destroy other mobs. Do you pretend to come from that shameful scene?"

"That is precisely the sort of thing we used to do," replied Winters, "although we did not call it by the same set of names." He could barely repress his elation. There could no longer be the slightest doubt of it — he was alive in the year 5000! His clock had been accurate!

The Forester's face was growing red. "Timberfall! You have been amusing long enough — now tell me the truth: Where is your orig?"

"I don't understand. I have told you the truth."

"Stupid nonsense, I tell you!

What can you possibly hope to gain from telling such a story? Even if people were such fools as to believe you, you could hardly expect to be very popular!"

"Why," said Winters in surprise, "I thought you were so thankful for all your ancestors had done for you? I am one of your ancestors!"

The Forester stared in astonishment. "You act well," he remarked drily. "But you are, I am sure, perfectly aware that those ancestors whom we thank were the planners for our forests and the very enemies of Waste. But for what should be thank the humans of three thousand years ago? For exhausting the coal supplies of the world? For leaving us no petroleum for our chemical factories? For destroying the forests on whole mountain ranges and letting the soil erode into the valleys? Shall we thank them, perhaps, for the Sahara or the Gobi deserts?"

"But the Sahara and the Gobi were deserts five thousand years before my time."

"I do not know what you mean by 'your' time. But if so, all the more reason you should have learned a lesson from such deserts. But come! You have made me angry with your nonsense. I must have some pleasant sort of revenge! Do you still claim to be a living human from the Age of Waste?"

Winter's caution bade him be silent. The Forester laughed mischievously: "Never mind! You *have already* claimed to be that! Well then, the matter is readily proved. You would in that case have an appendix and . . . yes . . . hair on your chest! These two characteristics have not appeared in the last two thousand years. You will be examined and, should you prove to have lied to me, a fitting punishment will be devised! I shall try to think of a reward as amusing as your wild lies have proved."

His eyes t w i n k l e d as he pressed a button hidden in his chair arm and a minute later two young men entered. Winters was in no physical condition to resist and was soon stripped of his clothing. He was not particularly hairy of chest, as men of his age went, but hair there was unquestionably and the Forester stepped forward with an incredulous exclamation. Then he hurriedly seized the discarded clothing and felt the material carefully — examining the linen closely in the light of the electric lamp concealed in the wall.

"To the health room with him!" he cried.

POOR WINTERS was carried helplessly down a corridor and into a room lined with smooth white glass and set about with apparatus of an evident surgical nature. The place was odoriferous with germicide. He

was held against a black screen and the Forester snapped on an X-ray tube and peered at his nude body through a mask of bluish glass. After a minute he left the room and returned again almost instantly with a book in his hands. He opened to a page of photographs and studied them carefully, once more peering at Winters through the mask. Finally he grunted in stupefaction and with close-pressed lips and puzzled eyes turned to the two attendants.

"He has an appendix — there can be no doubt of it! This is the most amazing thing I have ever imagined! The stranger you see before you claims to have survived from the ancient days — from the age of waste! And he has an appendix, young comrades! I must talk to the biologists all over the country — the historians as well! The whole world will be interested. Take him along with you and see that he is provided with walling for the night."

He turned to the door and Winters heard him in the next room talking excitedly over the radio-telephone. The two young attendants led him along the hall and as he passed he could observe that the Forester was speaking to a fat red-headed, red-faced man, whose features showed in the televisor — and who evidently was proving difficult to convince. Winters stared a minute for this was the first man he had seen whose face was anything except swarthy and slender.

Winters was led down the hall and permitted to resume his clothing. He was in an exalted mood. So his arrival in this new world was creating a stir after all! In the morning the airwheel would perhaps bring dozens of scientists to examine into his case. He was beginning to feel weak and fatigued after his exciting day, but this latest thrill gave a last flip to his nerves and gave him strength just long enough to prove his own undoing.

One of the attendants hurried out of sight as they left the house. The other guided him along the edge of the village.

"We young members of the village have a gathering tonight, sir. It is called the Council of Youth and at it we discuss matters of importance to our generation. Would it be too much to ask that you address our meeting and tell us something of your experiences?"

His vanity was stirred and he weakly agreed, tired and sleepy though he was. The meeting place was just a little distance away, explained his guide.

In the meantime the youth who had hastened on ahead had entered a small room off the assembly hall. The room contained only three persons and they looked up as the newcomer entered.

"It is as we thought, comrades, the Oldsters have brought him here for some purpose of their own. He pretends to have slept for three thousand years and to be a human relic of the Age of Waste!"

The others laughed. "What will they try on us next?" drawled one lazily.

"Stronghold is bringing him here," continued the latest arrival, "and will persuade him to speak to us in the meeting, if he can. You understand the intent?"

There was a wise nodding of heads. "Does he know the law of the Council?"

"Probably, but even so it is worth the attempt — you know I'm not certain myself but that he may be from the old days — at least he is a startling good imitation. The man has hair on his body!"

There was a chorus of shocked disbelief, finally silenced by a sober and emphatic assurance. Then a moment of silence.

"Comrades, it is some trick of the Oldsters, depend upon it! Let the man speak to the Council. If he makes a slip, even a slight one, we may be able to work on the meeting and arouse it to a sense of our danger. Any means is fair if we can only prevent our inheritance being spent! I hear that the order to fell the half-matured pith-trees will go out tomorrow unless we can stop it. We must see what we can do tonight — make every effort."

WHEN WINTERS arrived at the hall the three young men stood on the platform to welcome him. The room was low-raftered and about fifty feet square. It was filled with swarthy young men and women. The thing that most impressed Winters was the luxury of the seating arrangements. Each person sat in a roomy upholstered armchair! He thought of the contrast that a similar meeting-hall in his own times would have afforded — with its small stiff seats uncomfortably crowded together and its stuffy hot atmosphere.

The lighting was by electricity concealed in the walls and gave at the moment a rosy tint to the room, though this color changed continually to others — now red or purple or blue — and was strangely soothing. There was a lull in the general conversation. One of the young leaders stepped forward.

"Comrades! This stranger is of another generation than ours. He is come especially to tell us of conditions in the ancient days — he speaks from personal experience of the Age of Waste, comrades, from which times he has survived in artificial sleep! The Forester of our orig, who is *old* enough to know the truth, has so informed us!" Winters missed the sarcasm. He was tired now and regretting that he had consented to come.

There was a stir of astonishment in the audience and a low

growling laughter which should have been a warning, but Winters, full of fatigue, was thinking only of what he should say to these young people. He cleared his throat.

"I am not sure that I have anything to say that would interest you: Historians or doctors would make me a better audience. Still, you might wish to know how the changes of three thousand years impress me. Your life is an altogether simpler thing than in my day. Men starved then for lack of food and youth had no assurance of even a bare living — but had to fight for it." (Here there were a few angry cheers, much to Winters' puzzlement.) "This comfortable assurance that you will never lack food or clothing is, to my mind, the most striking change the years have brought."

HE PAUSED a moment uncertainly and one of the young leaders asked him something about "if we were perhaps trying to accomplish this assurance too quickly."

"I am not sure that I know what you mean. Your Chief Forester mentioned something today of a question of economics. I am not familiar with the facts. However, I understand you have a very poor opinion of my own times, due to its possibly unwise consumption of natural resources. We had even then men who warned us against our course of action, but we acted upon the belief that when oil and coal were gone mankind would produce some new fuel to take their place. I observe that in this we were correct, for you now use wood alcohol — an excellent substitute."

A young man leaped to his feet excitedly. "For that reason, comrades," he said in a loud voice, "this stranger of course believes his age was justified in using up all the oil and fuel in the world!"

There was a slow growling which ended in a few full-throated cries and an uneasy stirring about in the audience. Winters was growing dazed with his need for rest and could not understand what was going on here.

"What you say interests us very much," said another of the men on the platform beside him. "Was it very common to burn coal for its mere heat?"

"Yes. It burned in every man's house — in my house as well."

There was an ugly moving about in audience, as though the audience was being transformed into a mob. The mob, like some slow lumbering beast, was becoming finally aroused by these continual pin-pricks from the sharp tongues of its leaders.

"And did you also use petroleum for fuel?"

"Of course. We all used it in our automobiles."

"And was it usual to cut down trees just for the sake of having the ground clear of them?"

"Well . . . yes. On my own land I planted trees, but I must say I had a large stretch of open lawn as well."

Here Winters felt faint and giddy. He spoke quietly to the young man who had brought him. "I must lie down, I'm afraid. I feel ill."

"Just one more question will be all," was the whispered reply. Then aloud: "Do you think we of the Youth Council should permit our inheritance to be used up — even in part — for the sake of present comfort?"

"If it is not done to excess I can see nothing wrong in principle — you can always plant more trees . . . but I must say good night for I am. . . ."

4

HE NEVER finished his sentence. A very fury of sound arose from the hall of the Council. One of the leaders shouted for silence.

"You have heard, comrades! You observe what sort of man has been sent to address us! We of Youth have a lesson to learn from the Age of Waste, it appears! At least the Oldsters think so! The crisis that has arisen is a small matter, but if we should once give in when will the thing stop? What must they think of our intelligence if they expect us to believe this three thousand-year sleep story? To send him here was sheer effrontery! And to send him here with *that* piece of advice passes b e y o n d all bounds of toleration. Timberfall! There can be only one answer" (here he turned to glare at poor dazed Winters, stupefied by the effect of his long emaciation). "We must make such an example of this person as shall forever s t a m p our principles deep in the minds of the whole world!"

There were loud shouts and several young people rushed up on the platform and seized Winters.

"He has confessed to breaking the very basic laws of Economics!" shouted the leader. "What is the punishment?"

There were cries of "Kill him! Exile! Send him to the plains for life!" and over and over one group was chanting savagely "Kill him! Kill him!"

"I hear the sentence of death proposed by many of you," cried the leader. "It is true that to kill is to waste a life — but what could be more fitting for one who has wasted things all his life?" (Loud cries of furious approval) "To your houses, every one of you! We will confine this creature who claims to be three thousand years old in the cellar of this hall. In the morning we will gather here again and give these Oldsters our public an-

swer! And comrades! A piece of news for your ears alone—Comrade Stronghold has heard that in the morning the Oldsters will issue a felling order on the immature pith-trees!"

And now was such a scene of rage and violence that the walls shook and Winters was dragged away with dizzy brain and failing feet and thrust upon a couch in a stone-walled room beneath the hall. He fell instantly in utter exhaustion and did not hear the tramp of departing feet overhead. His horror and fright had combined with his fatigue to render him incapable of further emotion. He lay unconscious, rather than asleep.

Above in the small room off the now empty hall three young men congratulated each other, their soft brown eyes shining exultantly, and chatted a few minutes in great joy that they had protected the rights of their generation, regardless of the means which had been used to this desirable end. They parted for the night with that peculiar circling movement of the hand that seemed to have taken the place of the ancient hand-shaking.

But while they talked (so swift does Treason run) a young man crouched in the shadows back of the Forester's house and fumbled with the latch of a small door on the forest side. As the young men were bidding each other good night, a voice was whispering swiftly in the ear of the Chief Forester, whose rugged face and bristling eyebrows betrayed in turn astonishment, indignation, anger and fierce determination.

WINTERS WOKE to watch a shaft of dawn-light lying upon the stone floor. His body was bruised from the rough handling he had received and his wasted muscles felt dull and deadened. But his brain was clear once again and he recalled the events of the meeting. What a fool he had been! How he had been led on to his own undoing! His eyes followed the shaft of light up to a grating set in the stone wall above his couch and he could see a little piece of sky softly blue there with a plump little cloud sailing in it, like a duck in a pond. There came upon him a wave of nostalgia. Oh to see a friendly face — or one homely thing, even a torn piece of newspaper lying on the cellar floor! But there was no use in such wishes. Thirty centuries lay between those things and himself — lay like an ocean between a shipwrecked sailor and his homeland.

And then came other thoughts, his natural fund of curiosity arising in him once again. After all, this age was a reaction against his own. There had been two extremes, that was all history would say of it. Truth lay in neither, but in some middle

gentler path. Mankind would find the road in time — say another thousand years or more. But what difference to him now? In a few more hours he would be dead. Presently the young men would come for him and he would be their sacrifice for some fancied w r o n g. In his weakened condition the whole thing struck him as unutterably pathetic and tears welled into his eyes until they were brushed away as the bitter bracing humor of the situation dawned upon his mind. As he mused he was startled to notice a shadow pass across the window grating and he thought he heard low voices.

Now in an instant he was full of lively fears. He would not be taken to his death so tamely as this! He turned over on the couch to get upon his feet and felt a hard object beneath him. He felt and brought forth his revolver which he fell at once to examining — ears and senses a t t u n e d to hints of danger, though nothing further came. The weapon was an air-pistol firing .22 calibre lead slugs. It was deadly only at very close ranges — thirty feet or less, perhaps — and the extending lever compressed enough air for ten shots. It was something, at all events. Hastily he worked the lever, loaded and pulled the trigger to hear a satisfying "smack" of the lead against the stone wall.

Now his mind was working full tilt and he brought the file from his belt and turned to the grating above his couch. If he could sever the bars he could manage to squeeze through the w i n d o w! To his amazement these bars proved to be of wood — and his heart lifted in hope. The saw was out of his belt and he was at work in an instant. By dint of much arm-ache he severed four of the bars in as many minutes. Day was now dawning apace and a panic of haste seized him; he brought the hand-axe into play and with three blows had smashed the remaining wood in the window. As he did so a shadow approached and a face was thrust forward, blocking out the light. Winters crouched below with pistol pointed, finger on trigger.

"Here he is!" said the face in shadow and Winters recognized the voice of the Chief Forester and held his fire.

"Take my hand, stranger, and climb up out of there. We have been looking for you half an hour. Oh, have no fear, we will not permit you to come to harm!"

But Winters was cautious. "Who will protect me?"

"Hurry, stranger! You have fallen afoul of our young hotheads in the orig — I blame myself for not t a k i n g greater thought — but there are a hundred Oldsters here with me. You will be safe with us."

And now Winters permitted

himself to be helped through the window and up into the full light of morning. He was surrounded by men who gazed at him with interest and respect. Their attitude calmed his last suspicions.

"We must hurry," said the Forester. "The younger men will resist us, I am afraid. Let us reach my own house as soon as possible."

The party started across the clearing and two young men appeared almost at once in the doorway of a building near by. At sight of Winters in the midst of the Oldsters they turned and raced off in separate directions, shouting some indistinguishable cry as they ran.

"We must go faster than this!"

A short fat man with a red face and reddish hair put his arm beneath Winters' shoulders and half carried him along. His face was familiar and Winters remembered the man he had seen in the televisor the day before. His strength was enormous and his energy indefatigable — a tie that drew Winters to him in this age of indolence. "I am Stalvyn of History at the next orig," he boomed at Winters as they hurried along. "You are so valuable to me that I hope you do not mind if I take a personal interest in your protection!"

THEY HAD a quarter of a mile to go and had half accomplished the distance when a mob of shouting youths burst from behind a house just ahead of them. There was a pause as though their natural disinclination to physical exertion might even yet prevent the clash. But their leaders were evidently urging them on and suddenly they charged down amid a shower of stones and waving of clubs. In an instant the shock was felt and a furious melee commenced — a primitive angry fight without science or direction.

Here two youths beat an elderly man senseless with clubs and sprang in unison upon the next victim. There some mature, full-muscled bull of a man ran berserk among striplings, crushing them in his great arms or flailing fist like hams at their onrushing faces. As they fought, they kept moving toward their objective and had gone almost another hundred yards before the youths retreated. The superior numbers of the older ones had swung the balance.

Fifty men, however, were all that remained around the Chief Forester. The others had either deserted the fight or been injured — perhaps killed, thought Winters, looking back at a score of still figures lying on the earth. The youths had retired only a hundred feet and still kept pace with the fugitives. Fresh bands of young men were hurrying from every direction and it would be a matter of minutes before the attack would recommence

with the odds on the other side this time.

Winters and Stalvyn, his self-appointed bodyguard, had not taken part in the struggle, for they had been in the center of the rescue party. Now they worked to the front of the party where the Forester strode along determinedly. Winters showed his pistol. "With this thing I can kill them as they run there. Shall I use it sir?"

The Forester grunted. "Kill them, then. They are coming now to kill you!"

As he spoke the mob of youths rushed upon them in a murderous fury. The elder men closed together in a compact mass and Winters shot into the front rank of the attackers, to see three of them topple over and thereby lessen the shock of the charge, for those who followed tripped over the fallen. And now Stalvyn and the Forester stepped forward and around these immovable figures the fight raged. Winters crouched b e h i n d them, swiftly pulled back his lever, loaded bullets and pulled the trigger like an automaton in a nightmare. Cries of passion and pain mingled with the thud of blows and the panting gasps of the fighters. It was a savage scene, the more shocking because of the unfitness of these quiet people for such work.

Suddenly the attackers withdrew sullenly, bearing injured with them. Two dozen remaining Oldsters l o o k e d dazedly around — free now to proceed to shelter. Fifty or more figures lay about on the ground and the Forester called out to the watchers in the windows to come and give first aid to friend and foe alike. This work was commenced at once, but with characteristic slowness, and he led his little band to the door of his house and inside.

"Give the stranger some food and drink, Stalvyn," drawled a tall thin man with ungainly limbs, who proved to be the biologist from an orig nearly a thousand miles away. "If I know our Youth they would never have wasted sustenance on a man who was so soon to die!" and he smiled a lazy sardonic smile at Winters as he placed in his hands a tumbler full of brown liquid. "Drink it without fear. It will both stimulate and nourish."

WINTERS WAS in a state of collapse now and Stalvyn had to help him drink and then carried him over to a couch. The biologist spent a few minutes examining him. "He must rest," he announced. "There will be no questions asked him today. I will prepare some medicine for him." Whereupon everyone left the room and Winters swallowed more drink and dropped fathoms deep in slumber. A man was set to guard the door of his room and the biologist tended him day and night. For a

full week he was not permitted to wake. He had vague impressions as he slept of being rolled over, bathed, fed, massaged and watched over—impressions that were as dreams in an ordinary sleep. Under such expert ministration the thin cheeks filled out and the wasted flesh became plump and smooth.

When Winters awoke it was late afternoon. His blood pulsed strongly through his body and he was wide awake the instant his eyes opened. There on a stool were set out his clothes, and he got to his feet and dressed. His belt still contained the pistol and hatchet as well as the smaller tools. Feeling like a new man he strode to the door and opened it, to be surrounded presently in another room by a swarthy group of a dozen of the greatest scientists in the world — for the news had by this time spread everywhere and there had been time for travel from the most distant points. And now there followed a long period of questions and examinations. Stalvyn and the historians plied him with posers as to the life and habits of his world; the biologists demanded the secret of his sleeping potion and control of the period of suspended animation; he was put before the fluoroscope and his appendix photographed; his measurements were taken and plaster moulds of his hand, foot, and head were cast for a permanent record.

Through it all Winters had a feeling of consummation — this was one of the things he had plannned when he set off on his voyage into the future. Here was sane intelligence taking advantage of his work and respecting him for his exploit. But one thing was lacking completely. He had no sense of belonging to these people. He had hoped to find gods in human form living in Utopia. Instead, here were men with everyday human passions and weaknesses. True, they had progressed since his day — but his insatiable curiosity itched to learn what the future might produce.

After an evening meal which all partook together, Winters retired to his room with the Chief Forester, the biologist and Stalvyn and the four men sat talking lazily.

"What do you plan to do now?" drawled the biologist.

Winters sighed. "I don't know exactly."

"I would ask you to settle down in my orig here," remarked the Forester, "but most of our young people and many of the Oldsters who should know better hold you to blame for the recent troubles. I am helpless before them."

"Hold *me* to b l a m e!" exclaimed Winters bitterly. "What had I to do with it?"

"Nothing, perhaps. But the principle of the rights of the new Generation is still unsettled.

The Council of Youth is obstinate and must be brought to see the sensible side of the matter. Their leaders pretend that you, in some way, have been brought here to persuade them to cut down trees right and left at the whim of the nearest Oldster. Where it will end, I cannot say."

STALVYN LAID a friendly hand on his shoulder. "Human nature is seldom reasonable. Of course there is no logic in their attitude. Forget it! We will get you quietly into an airship and you shall come away from here and live with me. Together we will review and rewrite the history of your times as it has never been done!"

"Stop a moment! Do you mean that I shall have to escape secretly from this village?"

The others looked sheepish and the Forester nodded his head. "I am helpless in the matter. I could get perhaps twenty or thirty men to do my bidding — but you see, most of the villagers will not concern themselves with your fate. It is too much trouble to bother about it at all."

"Are they afraid of the youngsters?"

"No, of course not! They greatly outnumber the youths. They merely are not willing to work beyond the village figure of one hour and fifty minutes a day so they say. I'm afraid you will not find any men to take your side except the four of us and a handful of my oldest men. That's the way the world is made, you know!" and he shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"It is a simple matter to escape from this house," suggested the biologist. "Why not tour quietly around the globe and see our world entire before you decide upon your future plans?"

Winters shook his head wearily. "I thank you for your kindness, gentlemen. I would never find a place for myself in this age. I gave up my own age for the sake of an ideal. I am searching for the secret of happiness. I tried to find it here, but you do not know it any more than we did three thousand years ago. Therefore I shall say goodbye and — go on to some future period. In perhaps five thousand years I shall awaken in a time more to my liking."

"Can your body support another long period of emaciation?" drawled the biologist. "To judge from your appearance you have hardly aged at all during your last sleep — but . . . five thousand years!"

"I feel as if I were a little older than when I left my own times — perhaps a year or two. Thanks to your attention I am again in excellent health. Yes, I should be able to survive the ordeal once again."

"Man! Oh man!" groaned the red-headed Stalvyn. "I would

give my right hand to take a place with you! But I have my duty to my own times."

"Is your hiding-place near here?" asked the Forester.

"Yes. But I prefer to tell no one where it is — not even you three. It is well hidden and you cannot help me."

"I can!" put in the biologist. "I studied your metabolism as you lay unconscious all this week and I have prepared a formula. From it I shall make a drink for you to take with you. When — or *if* — you wake from your long sleep you must swallow it. It will restore your vitality enormously in a few hours."

"Thank you," said Winters. "That might make all the difference between success and failure."

"How are you going to reach your hiding place? Suppose some youth sees you and follows — remembering old grudges as youth can?"

"I must leave here secretly just before dawn," said Winters thoughtfully. "I know in a general way where to go. By daylight I shall be close by and shall have hidden myself forever long before anyone in the village is awake."

"Well — let us hope so! When will you start?"

"Tomorrow morning!"

THEY PARTED for the night with many a last word of caution and advice. Winters lay down to sleep and it seemed only a few seconds before the Forester stood over him shaking him awake. He arose and made sure of such things as he was to take with him. Stalvyn and the biologist were on hand in the darkness (they did not dare show a light) and Winters took a light breakfast and said his goodbyes. The three f r i e n d s watched his body show shadowy against the trees and vanish into the dark night.

Winters walked with great care along the hard-surfaced roadway for almost an hour. He was sure he had made no slightest sound. He felt he must be almost at the right spot and left the road for the woods where he waited impatiently for the graying east to brighten. He spent half an hour in the shrubbery beside the road before he could see clearly enough to proceed. Just before he turned away he glanced from his leafy hiding back along the stretch of highway. In the distance, to his horror, he observed two figures hurrying toward him!

With panting fear he slipped back into the woods and cruised over the ground looking for his one particular tree-trunk out of all t h o s e thousands. Seconds seemed like hours and his ears were strained back for some sign of his pursuers. Sweating, panting, heart pounding, he ran back and forwards in an agony of directionless movement.

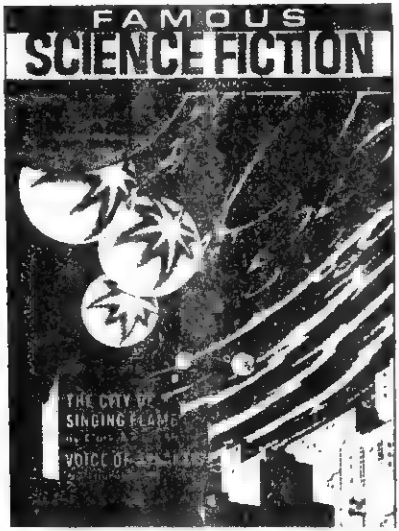
Then he became frantic and hurried faster and faster until his foot caught over some piece of stone and sent him sprawling. He rose to his knees and stopped there, frozen, for he heard voices! They were still distant, but he dared not rise. His eyes fell upon the stone over which he had stumbled. It was flat and thick and rather square in outline. Some marks appeared on the top — badly worn by weather. He brushed aside a few dead leaves listlessly, hopelessly and before his startled eyes there leaped the following:

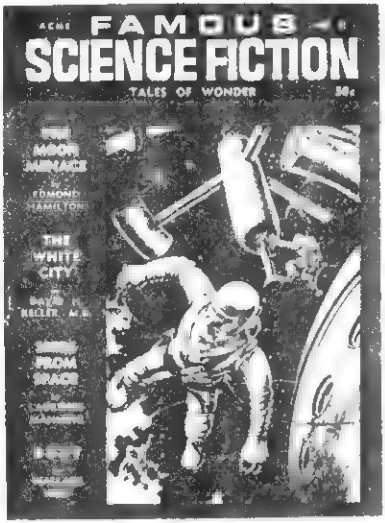
> Carstairs, a gardener lies here—faithful servant to the end—he was buried at this spot upon his own request.

Buried here at his own request —poor old Carstairs! Could it be? If this grave were directly above his underground chamber then there, only fifty feet to the south, must lie the e n t r a n c e! He crawled with desperate hope over the soft ground and there, sure enough, was a familiar tree and a leaf-filled depression at its base! The voices were approaching now and he slithered desperately into the hole, pushing the drifted leaves before him with his feet. Then he gathered a great armful of leaves scraped from each side and sank out of sight, holding his screen in place with one hand. With the other hand he reached for some pieces of cut roots and commenced to weave a support for the leaves. He was half done when his heart stood still at the sound of voices close by. He could not make out the words and waited breathlessly second after second. Then he heard the voices again—receding!

Winter came and the frogs found their sleeping places beneath the mud of the little pond that lay where once was the lake. And with the next spring the great tree had commenced spreading a new mat of roots to choke forever the entrance to that lead-lined chamber where, in utter blackness, a still figure lay on a couch. The sleeper's last hazy thoughts had taken him back in his dreams to his own youth and the wax-white face wore a faint smile, as if Winters had at last found the secret of human happiness.

DID YOU MISS OUR FIRST TWO ISSUES?





#1, Winter 1966/67: The Girl in the Golden Atom, by Ray Cummings, **The City of Singing Flame,** Clark Ashton Smith;; **Voice of Atlantis,** Laurence Manning; **The Plague,** George Henry Smith; **The Question,** J. Hunter Holly.

#2, Spring 1967: The Moon Menace, Edmond Hamilton; **Dust,** Wallace West; **The White City,** David H. Keller, M.D.; **Ringhost,** A. Bertram Chandler; **Seeds From Space,** Laurence Manning.

FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, Dept. 3 **Please PRINT**
119 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003 **In Coupon**

Please send me the following issues of FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION (encircle one selection): # 1 and # 2 — I enclose $1; #2 now and # 4 when it is printed — I enclose $1; # 1 and # 2 now, and # 4 when it is printed — I enclose $1.50.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP No. .....

(continued from page 7)

highly imaginative and greatly distorted picture and implied that this was the universal picture. Things were not always, everywhere, and in each instance as horrible as that. I might add here that what I find evil in slavery may not be what you do, since there are some aspects of it where John W. Campbell's views do not strike me as b e i n g entirely wrong. It's the "chattel" aspect, the treatment of human beings by other human beings as objects and property, rather than persons, which dehumanizes both master and slave.

But one reason why "propaganda" has become such a dirty word is that such a large percentage of it, even when written for what the author sincerely believes to be a good purpose, has these same elements that are to be found in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* — unless I have been entirely misinformed by critics and historians; I haven't read the novel.

While writing the first article in this series, I was frustrated by the thought that there must be at least one example of science fiction written as instruction which is both (1) a well-written and entertaining story (2) genuinely instructive in science without being misleading when it becomes speculative — but I could not think of a single example. The fact that I am not learned in science may have played a part in this; yet, the learned person might find even greater difficulty. (No fair citing examples wherein the speculations have s i n c e proved to have been sound!)

WHEN WE COME to science fiction written as propaganda (as distinguished from science fiction including propaganda) I'm frustrated in the other direction. There are more that I have either read or heard of than I can possibly discuss here.

In the introduction to his excellent anthology *Masterpieces off Science Fiction*, which you will see reviewed next issue, Sam Moskowitz tells about some of the many "future war" stories that appeared prior to the advent of science fiction magazines. Not having read them, I do not know how may of them dealt with scientific speculations—projecting military weap-

ons and inventions — but it is clear that some of them did. This fraction of them, then, could be considered science fiction. However, the purpose in writing them was not primarily to speculate upon the possibility of greater and more efficient methods of destruction; the purpose was to arouse the public to the dangers of unpreparedness for war which the author believed was coming in the not too distant future. These were "Wake Up England!" stories, or "Wake Up!" whatever the fatherland of the author. In the 30's, Floyd Gibbons (the superfast-talking Radio newscaster) wrote a "Wake Up America!" novel entitled *The Red Napoleon*, dealing with a Eurasian dictator who unites Asia and, with advanced weapons launches an assault upon the West. (I forget now whether it was the entire Old World against the New World, or a strictly white/non-white struggle; in any event, this was a "yellow peril" story.)

The only way we could measure the effectiveness of these stories would be to find politicians, etc., who took steps which they would not have taken otherwise *because* they had read a particular "Wake Up—!" story and been converted. (Or because large numbers of their constituents had been converted and were putting pressure on them. In both instances, the particular story would have to be mentioned.) It doesn't matter too much whether these steps were successful; that they were taken because of the story is sufficient. So far as I know, no single science fiction propaganda tale has had so measurable an effect; but has anything like systematic research on the question been undertaken? Is there even so much as a minor league Harriet Beecher Stowe to be found here?

I say that "Harriet Beecher Stowe", rather than "Thomas Paine" simply because I suspect that careful study might bring up some science fiction tales analogous to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in their effect, while I doubt that any story can be compared to *Common Sense* in its effectiveness. But this is only an opinion which I hold out at arm's length, ready to drop quickly if I can get facts which justify my dropping it.

THERE ARE THREE main traps into which the writer of science fiction as propaganda is likely to fall, outside of the matter of deliberate falsehood and distortion. (The evidence indicates that Stowe believed what she wrote.) These traps are: (1) oversimplification (slavery persists because slave owners are wicked); (2) stereotyped characterizations (no slave owner can enjoy his day unless he flogs a slave before

breakfast); (3) ringing down the curtain to deliver a lecture. The first two traps are common to any type of fiction writing; the third used to be universal, at least to the extent that the author was on stage and would whisper asides to the reader frequently.

Can these traps be avoided? Is it possible to write a science fiction propaganda story which is nonetheless a very good story on its own? Can the propaganda element be handled in such a way that the discerning reader will not be distracted from the story, as story, by the message?

Obviously if we mean 100% of discerning readers by the former sentence, then the answer must be *no*. And "discerning reader" can be pretty slippery, too, let's call him that reader who would discern less skillfully handled propaganda very quickly and easily and be d i s t r a c t e d; we set him up against the "non - discerning" reader who cannot tell the difference between good and bad fiction or who cannot discern propaganda anyway. The discerning reader may or may not be intellectually aware of the presence of propaganda at the time he is reading the story; if he is, then it does not present itself as an interruption or false note at that moment, in our top-rate propaganda story. However, among the discerning readers will be some who find this particular type of propaganda emotionally repulsive, and who are very sensitive to it; they will be distracted no matter how artistically it is done.

For the sake of clarification. I'll have to slaughter one sitting duck, and let this victim be a symbol for countless others. *Looking Backward* by Edward Bellamy just barely qualifies as fiction and I'm not sure now but that this is an overstatement. It's essentially a book-length essay in narrative form; and that is about all I remember of it. Perhaps there was a story line; I won't argue the point.

Let's get to some stories which, I believe, were written as propaganda. Two of them I have read recently; the third I read back in the 30's, around the time I encountered Bellamy, and am relying on critical comment I've come across recently.

My reason for selecting *Frankenstein* for the first example is that nearly all serious fiction written in English at that period in history was written with Moral Purpose, and Mary Shelley was not the sort of person to form an exception. Fiction was still looked upon as at least dubious by the still very powerful Puritan elements in the population and was justifiable only where it was written to edify, to uplift, to warn, to instruct, etc. In their own par-

ticular way, most of the literate Freethinkers of that time were pretty stuffily Moral People. *Frankenstein* has a message. Dr. Frankenstein creates a man, then recoils from his creation in horror; and his own rejection of his "un-natural" son, added to the hatred and terror the creature arouses in other people, makes a monster of the never-born man. The story has been regarded as anti-science but whether it really is or not, I am convinced that this, not anti-science, is its message — one which you will not find in the various film treatments of it, except for *The Bride of Frankenstein*, in which a great deal of sympathy for the creature comes through. *Frankenstein* is "about" man's inhumanity to man which makes monsters of the victims, the persecutors being monsters themselves, all unrealizing.

Mrs. Shelley set out to write an entertaining novel, which she did; we can see from the book itself that the message does not interrupt or impede the story.

Now look at *Men Like Gods*, by H. G. Wells. I read this several times during the 30's, and have read some criticism of the book recently, which brought it more or less back to memory. At his worst, Wells is a more entertaining writer to read than Bellamy; but unless my memory has entirely deceived me, there is really very little "story" in the novel. There are props; there's a backdrop; but it is pretty much a matter of a landscape dotted with billboards, and most of the content consists in reading the ads on the billboards. By this time, Wells had, indeed, sold his artistic talents for a "pot of message" as someone put it.

My third example is C. S. Lewis' trilogy, *Out of the Silent Planet*, *Perelandra*, and *That Hideous Strength*, which I consider among the finest science fiction novels written since H. G. lost his way. Lewis' aim was to explore what he considered to be certain implications in Christian theology, in the light of what science has learned about the universe and what-if . . . He worked out an imaginary system of worlds, into which he placed our own actual Earth, and combined the known with the *perhaps* or *what-if* in a thoroughly explored projection. Unless the very mention of anything which might suggest Christian theology is so repulsive to you that it stops you cold then it is possible to respond to this trilogy as first rate fiction. And the final novel, *That Hideous Strength* is my nomination for the most ingeniously convincing science fiction horror story that I've ever read. Orwell's world of *1984* (another science fiction propaganda s t o r y) is frightful and revolting; but N.I.C.E., the organization be-

hind the horrors in *That Hideous Strength* is the more fearful because, at times, it can present so reasonable and even attractive-looking a face. Imagine, for the moment, that there actually is an entity such as is called The Devil. The Devil as a satyr-like being with horns, hoofs, and tail, reeking of sulphur and other aspects of air pollution strikes you as an absurdity. If *this* Devil actually appeared in such a way as you were convinced that it was really there — you weren't having hallucinations, etc. — do you think you would find it attractive? But many theologians maintain that, were the Devil to appear, this is not the image you would see at all. You would see the "Angel of Light" aspect, by which I mean that there might not be anything supernatural-looking at all. In any event, you would see a being which appeared to be reasonable, intelligent, helpful, friendly, and by all means urging you to do something from which you expected good to come — if not immediately, then in the long run. The proposed End would certainly, as The Devil put it, justify the means. (Now and then you see shots of Hitler on TV, and once in awhile you see him in a relaxed and genial mood; he smiles warmly; if you hear his voice, it sounds calm and even soothing; there is no indication of the Hitler we know at that moment; and it is at that moment that I shudder.)

Devil or no Devil, Lewis' N.I.C.E. is about something that goes on in the world we're living in; and that, combined with a fascinating filled-in portrait of alien planets in the first two novels is why I consider this trilogy superb examples of what science fiction as propaganda can be.

THERE IS, of course, a much wider range of science fiction which *includes* propaganda; and truth to tell, we cannot always be sure whether a specific example really belongs in the former category. In magazine science fiction, I would say that Edmond Hamilton's Federation of Worlds series includes propaganda; his first object was to write an exciting story; within the compass of this primary object he includes propaganda for unity and brotherhood amongst all intelligent creatures whatever their shape, etc. On the other hand, *A Conquest of Two Worlds* was written *as* propaganda, another instance where the message does not foul up what might have been a story—this is a very good story and it makes its point. I suspect that Wallace West's original version of *Dust* included propaganda at the very most but was written as a speculation primarily on what might be; while the

revised version which you saw in our last issue was pretty definitely re-written as propaganda. Wally is very much concerned with and involved in the anti - air - pollution campaign throughout the world.

When we go back to the early H. G. Wells, we find science fiction which includes propaganda. *In The Days Of The Comet* is primarily a story. The author sat down to write a story, first; and into this story he poured out his own emotions and ideas and feelings, based upon experience and meditation upon the world he knew. His criticisms of the world prior to the advent of the comet and the fantastic change that it produced are not over-simplified. We know how he feels about certain types of persons in the world as it is, and as it was when he was young. This story is very autobiographical; I know because I read *Experiment In Autobiography* just before I read the novel.*

The characters are not stereotyped. The poor are not all one color (white hats, white and pure clear through) and the rich another (black hats, monsters of self-centered evil); nor does Wells ring down the curtain in order to bring this over. We see people as Willie sees them; we feel his anger, but we also see a touch of sympathy, an occasional insight and feeling that these landowners and "capitalists" are not aware of the relationship between their attitudes and behavior and the frightful condition of the poor, nor are they entirely contemptuous of the "lower classes" in the full "villain" manner of stereotyped fiction, propagandistic or not.

Wells included propaganda here for a purpose, to express his views, to persuade people, to move them to change their attitudes, change their behavior. But the propaganda does not obtrude as such; it all fits into a story, into an account of people.

It does not read as if the author started out with speeches, exhortations, etc., and then somehow worked a story around them; it reads as if he started with a *what-if* speculation—the comet, and its strange effect upon the world — and then began to paint a picture, letting the message come as it would, from within his being.

A STORY which becomes literature says something, but what it says cannot easily be reduced to slogans without considerable distortion. (Of course, anything can be reduced to slogans if you're determined to do so but perhaps one test of that

*Preparatory to doing the Introduction to the Airmont soft-cover edition of the story.

obtrusive propaganda which wrecks a work of fiction is that you can come out of it with a number of slogans which distort the message very little, while the story is either lost or diminished to nothing worth remembering.) Bad propaganda fiction urges you to Go Out And Do Something—and that something is often pretty specific. Good fiction, either written as propaganda or including propaganda, induces thought, contemplation, feeling, examination; it may at length lead to action but the action is not all neatly packaged for you like a picket's sign.

How effective was H. G. Wells as a propagandist? Can any one of his novels be pointed to as effective science fiction propaganda? I can't answer that, but it's possible to see some sort of pattern. It was the early novels and short stories that made Wells' reputation, so that when he came to the point of writing messages thinly disguised as fiction, these books did not suffer the fate of most books of that sort, from unknown writers. The pot-of-message books were read and discussed and answered at times. Whether his prescriptions were taken or not, H. G. Wells had become a voice to listen to.

It is difficult today to picture the influence that he had, even on those who grew up in the 30s when that influence was waning. In his chapter on Wells in *Portraits From Life* Ford Maddox Ford testifies to the influence and suggests that it might have been more of a hinderance than a help. He says that we (speaking of England, of course) accepted innumerable scientific horrors that the Great War brought forth largely because Wells had prepared our minds for them. "We accepted them as inevitable because that immensely read writer had told us that they were inevitable. Without that a shuddering and hypnotised world might have made a greater effort to shake off these tentacles."

Well . . . perhaps; anyway, there is testimony to science fiction propaganda's effectiveness, however backhanded the compliment may be. Ford goes on to tell of how, in France, the first time he smelled poison gas, ". . . I said to myself, 'H. G. prophesied this, years ago,' and I did not make half the effort that I might have made to get away, for I felt that it had been wished on me. . . ."

Prophecy does have this sort of effect sometimes; so does propaganda — not only propaganda designed to paralyse people but also propaganda designed to stir them up to the point of resisting

Wells was wrong about so many things — and yet, he was right in so many subtle ways.

For a time he tried his hand in politics, tried to get the Fabian Society into line, then gave it up. It was all just too stupid, too muddled. Here they were all talking about rebuilding society, making a truly democratic socialist society, and no one — no one of them — was giving the slightest thought about what was to be done between the time that, somehow or other, the Fabians became the government and the democratic socialist society was built. Not only had they no plans; they behaved as if it were the depth of inquity to consider plans in the first place. (Lenin and the Bolsheviks were unprepared for power, too, at the time they achieved it — but not because they hadn't made the effort.)

But it was Wells' heart's desire to be an effective propagandist, not a master story teller; and the bitterness and shrillness of his later work, the disappearance of story as anything more than a prop for posters, shows how deeply he felt the large-scale failure of his work. C. S. Lewis, on the other hand, did not expect the world to catch fire at his words, or the evils he portrayed in his fiction to wilt under the massive attack of millions inspired by his writings. He wrote from the fulness of a being which never lost sense of perspective and died with faith and hope unshattered, even though he saw more evil than Wells lived to see.

In the end, his propaganda may be the more effective of the two, but I do not think that it will be precisely measurable even so. At any rate, I think that the "Perelandra" series will be read long after anyone bothers with Wells' most earnest and concentrated efforts at propaganda that can in any way be considered science fiction — if this isn't really a *post hoc* prophecy.

IN MAGAZINE science fiction the area of propaganda has been very broad, and some of the stories were written as propaganda in the first place. There have been messages for and against nearly every conceivable form of government; for and against science itself; for and against what are loosely called "liberal" programs in every field of social activity; for and against toleration of everything from ants to zoophiles. Where you read a good story that includes propaganda, you cannot be sure whether it was actually written *as* propaganda without a good deal of evidence outside the particular story itself. And perhaps even some of the most inept specimens might actually be cases where the author intended and wanted to write an entertaining story first of all, but his personal crochets just got in the way and tripped him up.

You cannot always be sure from the story about the author's own convictions. I think it was sometime around the Revolution here in the USA that some hack writer advertised his availability to write convincing pamphlets on either side of any subject that the publisher was interested in — or both sides. Nor is it only the hack who might write convincingly on a position he does not hold himself. Artistic integrity might find an author so disdainful of setting up straw men that he made the other side look unusually attractive — as, of course, it generally does to those who are there. (The Devil's Advocate is not a hack. He's an honest researcher who may hope indeed that his case will be shattered; but since his task is to raise every reasonable doubt that he can find, he must do a thorough job.)

And you cannot always be accurate about how obtrusive, or how destructive to story, propaganda may be if the message is one you greatly detest. Controversy still continues about Robert A. Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*. Numerous criticisms have been written which contend that the story is defective, or defaced by propaganda, or both. I found it an effective story, *as story*, even though I was stopped not a few times to cogitate on this or that — while I was moved to cogitate in relation to the propaganda in *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress* after reading, rather than during. Perhaps that is why, on the whole, that I find the later story considerably better, as story — but there are many other reasons, too. Anyway, so far as *Starship Troopers* goes, I would be somewhat more convinced by the arguments for its badness as story were I to read some well-thought-out ones by persons who thought the propaganda was excellent (excellent in the sense of being propaganda for a position they considered a good one, rather than just effectively made propaganda).

The whole necessity in writing science fiction as propaganda, then, is for the writer to have and maintain a sense of

An Old-Time Science Fiction Favorite

Charles Willard Diffin

appears with one of his few weird tales

THE DOG THAT LAUGHED

in the Summer issue of

MAGAZINE OF HORROR

proportion; to be an artist and story-teller first; to present any messages clearly and movingly, but to let the reader make his own judgments, rather than summarizing the case and rendering the verdict and sentence for him. So although science fiction as scientific instruction can succeed only very rarely, science fiction as propaganda can make any number of solid hits.

The perceptive reader will note that I have not mentioned the propaganda effect of prophecy; I think that science fiction prophecies have often had very strong propaganda effect, and a study of this element ought to be very interesting. But for me, the subject belongs in a different file — Prophecy as Propaganda — and there we have a wealth of tangible evidence.

The Reckoning

Because of the uneven distribution, timewise, ballots on our first issue were still coming in for some weeks after the second issue officially went on sale; and this seems to have been repeated with the second issue. So we shall consider the balloting open on the second issue for a time after this issue appears.

Clark Ashton Smith took the lead first, then was tied with Laurence Manning. But once Ray Cummings reached first place, he never lost his hold on it, although the other two authors, as well as J. Hunter Holly, tied with him at times.

Here is the final standing: (1) *The Girl in the Golden Atom*, by Ray Cummings; (2) *The City of Singing Flame*, by Clark Ashton Smith; (3) *Voice of Atlantis*, by Laurence Manning; (4) *The Question*, by J. Hunter Holly; (5) *The Plague*, by G. H. Smith.

Down To Earth

IF YOUR LETTERS are any indication, then there is a place for a magazine like FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, offering today's readers a chance to enjoy the wonderful, imaginative stories of an earlier era and giving those of you who were readers back in the 30s and earlier a chance to re-read tales only available in crumbling, out-of-print magazines which mostly cannot be found, save at exorbitant prices. I know that a few of you have these old copies, or some of them, but hope that each issue will bring even to you a story or stories that you have not seen before.

The very first letter we received in response to our initial issue was from *Mark Owings*, who chided us as follows: "I'd give a 'O' to *The City of The Singing Flame*, which title you consistently misprinted. (Fire your proofreader!) . . . And I think you are cruel, mean-hearted, and vindictive not to combine it with *Beyond The Singing Flame*, and let poor, helpless readers think it just *ended* that way."

Well, the proofreader cannot be blamed for not knowing more than the editor knows; and for a brief spell we thought, appalled, that our memory had played us false — as it does at times. We checked the contents listing of the story in the Arkham House index, and that indeed confirmed Reader Owings. Then,

In Our Next Issue

THE CITY OF SPIDERS

by

H. Warner Munn

•

THE MAN WHO AWOKE

The second story in the famous series— complete in its picture of a strange civilization.

by

Laurence Manning

•

THE MASTER OF THE OCTOPUS

A Different Story

by

Edward Olin Weeks

Insure your copy now — see Order Coupon on page 110.

CLARK ASHTON SMITH

is present with a novelet readers have requested

THE MONSTER OF THE PROPHECY

in the Summer issue of

MAGAZINE OF HORROR

if you cannot find this on newsstands, write in your order on coupon on page 128

Did You Miss These Back Issues Of MAGAZINE OF HORROR?

#1, August 1963: The Man With a Thousand Legs, Frank Belknap Long; **A Thing of Beauty,** Wallace West; **The Yellow Sign,** Robert W. Chambers; **The Maze and the Monster,** Edward D. Hoch; **The Death of Halpin Frayser,** Ambrose Bierce; **Babylon: 70 M.,** Donald A. Wollheim; **The Inexperienced Ghost,** H. G. Wells; **The Unbeliever,** Robert Silverberg; **Fidel Bassin,** W. J. Stamper; **The Last Dawn,** Frank Lillie Polock, **The Undying Head** Mark Twain.

#2, November 1963: The Space-Eaters, Frank Belknap Long; **The Faceless Thing,** Edward D. Hoch; **The Red Room,** H. G. Wells; **Hungary's Female Vampire,** Dean Lipton; **A Tough Tussle,** Ambrose Bierce; **Doorslammer,** Donald A. Wollheim; **The Electric Chair,** George Waight; **The Other One;** Jerryl L. Keane; **The Charmer,** Archie Binns; **Clarissa,** Robert A. W. Lowndes; **The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes,** Rudyard Kipling.

Order From Page 128

some weeks later, while going through our old copies of WONDER STORIES we came to the June 1931 issue, wherein it is announced that the next issue will carry *The City Of Singing Flame,* by Clark Ashton Smith. . . . Could it be . . . ? Gingerly we drew out our faded copy of the July 1931 issue, and saw the same title on the cover; we opened the magazine and saw the same title on the contents page and the title page of the story. Saved! For the text of the story that you read in our first issue came from that July 1931 issue of WONDER STORIES, not from the Arkham House edition, now out of print, which we no longer own. We do not remember whether there are other variations in the Arkham House version, and do not know whether the author originally titled the story as *The City Of The Singing Flame.*

In any event the original story *did* end that way, and when we and thousands of others read it in June 1931 none of us had not the slightest suspicion that there was or would be any more to it. It was not until September 1931, when we received the October 1931 issue of WONDER STORIES that we learned of a sequel, to appear in the following issue. The text you see here is from that edition, as it appeared in the November 1931 issue of WONDER STORIES. Again, we cannot say whether the Arkham House edition shows any variations, since our copy of *Out Of Time And Space* was weeded out in one of the many necessary purges of duplicate material that accompanied various changes of address.

A reader writes in to say about our first issue, "Your cover was good, but it should have more color in it." However, the bulk of those who did not care for that cover seemed to feel that it was our running colors into it that tended to diminish the effect. We have learned our lesson!

Andy Hashley writes from Olivet College, Michigan: "I must truly say I enjoyed reading this science fiction magazine *more* than some of the present-day science fiction. As a suggestion, how about printing some of Doc Smith's stories?"

Edward E. Smith Ph.D., wrote 12 novels, all of them very long, and all available in soft-cover editions. The delightful "Skylark" series, which remain our own favorites, can be obtained from Pyramid Books @ 60¢ the copy: *The Skylark Of Space*, #X-1350; *Skylark Three*, #X-1459; *The Skylark Of Valeron*, #X-1458; and *Skylark DuQuesne*, #X-1539. *Spacehounds Of IPC*, a very good independent novel, can be had @ 40¢ from Ace Books, #F-372. The complete "Lensman" series is now available from Pyramid Books @ 60¢ each: *Triplanetary*, #X-1455; *First Lensman*, #X-1456; *Galactic Patrol*, #X-1457; *Gray Lensman*, #X-1245; *Second Stage Lensmen*, #X-1262, and *Children Of The Lens*, #X-1294. A late independent novel, which we have not read, *The Galaxy Primes*, can be obtained from Ace Books @ 40¢ — #F-328.

There are various novelets, of which we have not read all — partly because the ones we did read convinced us that the author simply was not up to par with shorter lengths. Even if it were possible to obtain these for FSF (and most of them are far too recent) we do not feel that they would present Doc Smith in anything close to his best light.

A reader who considered *The Girl in the Golden Atom* and *The Question* outstanding, but disliked the other three stories in our first issue notes: "I read first the books my children buy and if they aren't written to improve their actions I destroy them. The books must make them glad they are human, open their minds to untraveled borders, make them *think*."

Obviously, some books, some stories, are not for children — but it isn't always easy to decide which. C. S. Lewis once said that while his elders didn't think that children should read fairy tales (which are often very sadistic, to say the least) he was never upset by the horrors in Grimm's and others; they did not give him a distorted picture of the "real" world because, even as a child, he realized that this was not the "real" world being presented. What *did* give him a distorted picture, and which made difficulty for him as he grew older (since he had to unlearn what he'd

Did You Miss These

Back Issues Of

MAGAZINE OF HORROR?

#3, February 1964: The Seeds of Death, David H. Keller; **The Seeking Thing,** Janet Hirsch; **A Vision of Judgment,** H. G. Wells; **The Place of the Pythons,** Arthur J. Burks; **Jean Bouchon,** S. Baring-Gould; **The Door,** Rachel Cosgrove Payes; **One Summer Night,** Ambrose Bierce; **Luella Miller,** Mary Wilkins-Freeman; **They That Wait,** H. S. W. Chibbett; **The Repairer of Reputations,** Robert W. Chambers.

#4, May 1964: Out of print.

#5, September 1964: Cassius, Henry S. Whitehead; **Love at First Sight,** J. L. Miller; **Five-Year Contract,** J. Vernon Shea; **The House of the Worm,** Merle Prout, **The Beautiful Suit,** H. G. Wells; **A Stranger Came to Reap,** Stephen Dentinger; **The Morning the Birds Forgot to Sing,** Walt Liebscher; **Bones,** Donald A. Wollheim; **The Ghostly Rental,** Henry James.

Order From Page 128

been taught thereby) were the books written for children which purported to tell them about the "real" world. In other words, the nice "Sunday School" approach, religiously-oriented or not. We do not favor even destroying books we abhor; but we do know that there are an awful lot of "approved" children's books, supposed to be just right for tender little minds, designed to encourage thought, etc., that we'd try to keep away from the kiddies. Let them wait until they're experienced enough to recognize such loathsome nonsense for what it is.

Did You Miss These

Back Issues Of

MAGAZINE OF HORROR?

#6, November 1964: Caverns of Horror, Laurence Manning; **Prodigy,** Walt Liebscher; **The Mask,** Robert W. Chambers; **The Life-After-Death of Mr. Thaddeus Warde,** Robert Barbour Johnson; **The Feminine Fraction,** David Grinnell; **Dr. Heidegger's Experiment,** Nathaniel Hawthorne; **The Pacer,** August Derleth; **The Moth,** H. G. Wells; **The Door to Saturn,** Clark Ashton Smith.

#7, January 1965: The Thing From — Outside, George Allan England; **Black Thing at Midnight,** Joseph Payne Brennan; **The Shadows on the Wall,** Mary Wilkins-Freeman; **The Phantom Farmhouse,** Seabury Quinn; **The Oblong Box,** Edgar Allan Poe; **A Way With Kids,** Ed M. Clinton; **The Devil of the Marsh,** E. B. Marriott-Watson; **The Shuttered Room,** H. P. Lovecraft & August Derleth.

#8, April 1965: The Black Laugh, William J. Makin; **The Hand of Glory,** R. H. D. Barham; **The Garrison,** David Grinnell; **Passeur,** Robert W. Chambers; **The Lady of the Velvet Collar,** Washington Irving; **Jack,** Reynold Junker; **The Burglar-Proof Vault,** Oliver Taylor; **The Dead Who Walk,** Ray Cummings.

Order From Page 128

Fred B. Golstein, noting that the stories in our first issue were fine, adds: "... I do have some reservations about your editorial policies. You state that you are looking, in your stories, for the 'Sense of Wonder', and in this I could not agree more. It is in the *qualifications* for these stories that my objections lie.

"In short, my main objection is this: you say that any story, in order to be considered for publication, must be pre-1937, which marks the beginning of 'modern science fiction'. You go on to say that exceptions will be made only in rare instances. I certainly agree that most of the stories of the type you are looking for appeared before 1937. But why make this all-inclusive, when it most certainly isn't?

"Why, right now I can think of two stories which contain the sense of wonder, and they were published after 1950, and were both written by the same author, Arthur C. Clarke. I am referring to *Childhood's End* and *The City and the Stars.* You must agree that these two books are loaded down with the sense of wonder and are darn good stories, besides.

"I think your policy should read more like this: 'We will publish *any* story, regardless of year, as long as it contains good, old fashioned sense of wonder.'"

Our point is that stories published later than 1937, even those which contain the good, old-fashioned sense of wonder are (1) more likely to have been read by a sizeable fraction of our readers (2) more likely to be

available or become available in other magazines which use reprints, or in anthologies. While many of the issues of the 40s are now hard to obtain, they have been fairly well mined by anthologists, etc., who wouldn't bother to pay much attention to the earlier period — partly because they are married to the notion that a science fiction tale should not only be of high literary value but also of significance in some "message" sense. We have nothing against either element, but do not regard these two essentials with awe; quite a number of the old stories, which would never receive any grand prizes for literary style, or had no particular message, etc., were nonetheless fun to read — and that's a key consideration for us. When it comes to reviving the sense of wonder stories in the modern era of science fiction, we feel that others can do it better; we want to offer something which others are not offering, but which we feel has entertainment value nonetheless.

While an overwhelming majority cheered the return of Cummings' *Girl in the Golden Atom*, the approval was not unanimous. Philip E. Phelan, who considered J. Hunter Holly's *The Question* outstanding in our first issue, and also approved the Smith story, explains why he disliked the Cummings' novelet: "'The Girl' is written in the trite manner of Francis Parkinson Keyes. First, however, the reader's brain is repelled by the ridiculously unscientific basis for the story. Impossibility is the one thing all science fiction writers must avoid. Even in the light of theoretical advancement over the last sixty years, H. G. Wells never overstepped the limits of scientific credibility."

Admirers of Wells who have had thorough scientific training report otherwise. While it is true, they tell me, that Wells did write some very admirable extrapolations on sound scientific principles (and thus was a

Did You Miss These Back Issues Of MAGAZINE OF HORROR?

#9, June 1965: The Night Wire, H. F. Arnold; **Sacrilege,** Wallace West; **All the Stain of Long Delight,** Jerome Clark; **Skulls in the Stars,** Robert E. Howard; **The Phographs,** Richard Marsh; **The Distortion out of Space,** Francis Flagg; **Guarantee Period,** William M. Danner; **The Door in the Wall,** H. G. Wells; **The Three Low Masses,** Alphonse Daudet; **The Whistling Room,** William Hope Hodgson.

#10, August 1965: The Girl at Heddon's, Pauline Kappel Prilucik; **The Torture of Hope,** Villiers de L'Isle-Adam; **The Cloth of Madness,** Seabury Quinn; **The Tree,** Gerald W. Page; **In the Court of the Dragon,** Robert W. Chambers; **Placide's Wife,** Kirk Mashburn; **Come Closer,** Joanna Russ; **The Plague of the Living Dead,** A. Hyatt Verrill.

#11, November 1965: The Empty Zoo, Edward D. Hoch; **A Psychological Shipwreck,** Ambrose Bierce; **The Call of the Mech-Men,** Laurence Manning; **Was It a Dream?,** Guy de Maupassant; **Under the Hau Tree,** Katherine Yates; **The Head of Du Bois,** Dorothy Norman Cooke; **The Dweller in Dark Valley,** (verse), Robert E. Howard; **The Devil's Pool,** Greye la Spina.

Order From Page 128

don't miss
LAZARUS
by LEONARD ANDREYEFF
in the Summer issue of
MAGAZINE OF HORROR

Did You Miss These

Back Issues Of

MAGAZINE OF HORROR?

#12, Winter 1965/66: The Faceless God, Robert Bloch; **Master Nicholas,** Seabury Quinn; **But Not the Herald,** Roger Zelasny; **Dr. Muncing, Exorcist,** Gordon MacCreagh; **The Affair at 7 Rue de M-,** John Steinbeck; **The Man in the Dark,** Irwin Ross; **The Abyss,** Robert A. W. Lowndes; **Destination** (verse), Robert E. Howard; **Memories of HPL,** Muriel E. Eddy; **The Black Beast,** Henry S. Whitehead.

#13, Summer 1966: The Thing in the House, H. F. Scotten; **Divine Madness,** Roger Zelasny; **Valley of the Lost,** Robert E. Howard; **Heredity,** David H. Keller; **Dwelling of the Righteous,** Anna Hunger; **Almost Immortal,** Austin Hall.

#14, Winter 1966/67: The Lair of Star-Spawn, Derleth & Scherer; **The Vacant Lot,** Mary Wilkins-Freeman; **Proof,** S. Fowler Wright; **Comes Now the Power,** Roger Zelazny; **The Moth Message,** Laurence Manning; **The Friendly Demon,** Daniel DeFoe; **Dark Hollow,** Emil Petaja; **An Inhabitant of Carcosa,** Ambrose Bierce; **The Monster-God of Mamurth,** Edmond Hamilton.

#15, Spring 1967: The Room of Shadows, Arthur J. Burks; **Lilies,** Roert A. W Lowndes; **The Flaw,** J. Vernon Shea; **The Doom of London,** Robert Barr; **The Vale of Lost Women,** Robert E. Howard; **The Ghoul Gallery,** Hugh B. Cave.

Order From Page 128

prophet in some of his stories) there were many times when he did not hesitate to flim-flam the reader with scientific-sounding nonsense in order to get characters where he wanted them to go or accomplish some effects that he wanted to accomplish. Some of his best stories, such as *The Invisible Man*, are just as impossible as *The Girl In The Golden Atom*.

Mike Ashley writes: "Of the original stories in FSF, I found *The Plague* extremely good, and what's more I was whole-heartedly on the side of what I presumed was the villain of the piece, the Death Thing, and its closing lines were certainly very telling. This story is by no means original in theme, but it's definitely the best I've read that uses it. Indeed, George H. Smith (is this the same one who used to write similar vignettes, in the days of the late, lamented FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION and SCIENCE FICTION STORIES?), like Edward D. Hoch, is among the modern masters of the short-short. . . . However, for the Clark Ashton Smith yarn alone I welcome FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, not to mention Manning and the G. H. Smith pieces."

Yes, so far as we know, the George H. Smith of *The Plague* is the same G. H. Smith you saw years ago.

We made one correction in the excerpt from Reader Ashley's letter, wherein he refers to ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION. This seems to be a common mis-reading of the title, and has popped up in various bibliographies, etc. The magazine in question was titled SCIENCE FICTION STORIES from beginning to end. Somewhere midcourse, however, when the words "science fiction stories" began to appear on competing magazines, the Publisher directed us to put the words "The Original" as a lead-in to the title in order to indicate that Columbia Publications was the first to use the title SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. (In 1943, the title FUTURE FANTASY

AND SCIENCE FICTION was changed to SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, and the final two issues of the magazine bore this title. The title was revived in the pocket-size format in the 50s.)

Reader Owings further comments in his letter, "A '1' goes to *Voice Of Atlantis*, which seems to be a surprisingly nice story. The last two Mannings in MAGAZINE OF HORROR were slow-moving and ponderous, yet this one moved quickly with a lot less action!"

Re-reading *Voice Of Atlantis* after many years, we, too were impressed with its quality of moving-along, even though it is very much of a travelogue sort of story, wherein very little happens and there is virtually no plot. While there is something of a message in it, we did not get the feeling that the story was written in order to give the author a chance to preach — which is the difference between this tale and some of H. G. Wells' later novels. One gets the feeling that Laurence Manning set out to tell a story and some preaching sort of came into it; while the feeling with *Men Like Gods*, for example, is that Wells set out of preach, realized that the best way to get popular consumption was to put the sermons into a new fantastic novel, and so reluctantly put a story around the message — but his heart was never in the story.

We'll try to get more excerpts from letters in next time. You'll see a report on your ratings of the first issue in *The Reckoning;* but since we do not know at present how much space we'll have for that department, we'll tell you here that every story in our first issue was heartily disliked by at least one reader, and every story was loudly praised by at least one reader. *The Plague* can be considered the most controversial as it received the largest number of extreme reactions from those of you who wrote in.

RAWL

Did You Miss These 2 Issues Of STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES

#1, Summer 1966: Village of the Dead, Edward D. Hoch; **House of the Hatchet,** Robert Bloch; **The Off-Season,** Gerald W. Page; **The Tell-Tale Heart,** Edgar Allan Poe; **The Lurking Fear,** H. P. Lovecraft; **The Awful Injustice.** S. B. H. Hurst; **Ferguson's Capsules,** August Derleth; **The Mansion of Unholy Magic,** Seabury Quinn.

#2, Fall 1966: The House of Horror, Seabury Quinn; **The Men in Black,** John Brunner; **The Strange Case of Pascal,** Roger Eugene Ulmer;; **The Witch Is Dead,** Edward D. Hoch; **The Secret of the City,** Terry Carr and Ted White; **The Street** (verse), Robert W. Lowndes; **The Scourge of B'Moth,** Betram Russell.

#3, Winter 1966/67: The Inn of Terror, Gaston Leroux; **The Other,** Robert A. W. Lowndes; **The Door of Doom,** Hugh B. Cave; **A Matter of Breeding,** Ralph Hayes; **Esmeralda,** Rama Wells; **The Trial for Murder;** Chas. Dickins & Chas. Collins; **The Blood-Flower,** Seabury Quinn.

#4, Spring 1967: The Tottenham Werewolf, by August Derleth; **The Secret Of Lost Valley,** by Robert E. Howard; **Medium For Justice,** by Victor Rousseau; **Si Urag Of The Tail,** by Oscar Cook; **The Temptation of Harringay,** by H. G. Wells; **The Tenants of Broussac,** by Seabury Quinn.

Order From Page 128

WHILE THEY LAST

You can still obtain these isues of
MAGAZINE OF HORROR and STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES.

One issue of MAGAZINE OF HORROR is out of print, and we are very low on several others. Don't delay; order today. If you do not wish to mutilate this magazine, either type or print your order on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure that your name and address is clear.

HEALTH KNOWLEDGE, INC. Dept. FSF 3 **Please PRINT**
119 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003 **In Coupon**

Please send me the issues encircled below, @ 50¢ the copy.

I enclose .....

MAGAZINE OF HORROR

Aug. 1963	Nov. 1964	Aug. 1965	Winter 66/67
Nov. 1963	Jan. 1965	Nov. 1965	Spring 1967
Feb. 1964	Apr. 1965	Winter 65/66	Spring 1967
Sept. 1964	June 1965	Sum. 1966	Sum. 1967

STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES

Summer	1966	Winter	66/67
Fall	1966	Spring	1967

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State & Zip No. .....

Reader's Preference Page

(there's more space on the flip side)

Comment — Suggested stories, authors, etc.

Mail this coupon to FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION c/o Health Knowledge, Inc., 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10003 (or better still, write us a letter!)

Reader's Preference Page

(there's more space on the flip side)

Please rate the stories in the order of your preference, as many as possible. Ties are always acceptable. If you thought a story was bad (rather than just last place), put an "X" beside it. If you thought a story was truly outstanding, above just first place, mark an "O" beside it. (Then the next-best would be "1".)

BEYOND THE SINGING FLAME

A SINGLE ROSE

DISOWNED

THE LAST AMERICAN

THE MAN WHO AWOKE

Did you like the cover? Yes No

NEW FRONTIERS OF WONDER • UNDERSTANDING • ENTERTAINMENT

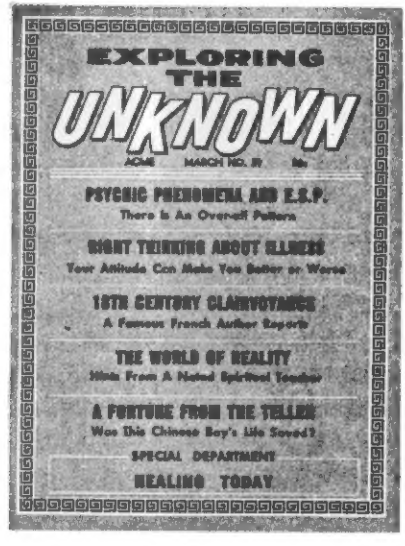
All these are yours when you read EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN – the bi-monthly magazine that inspires you and helps you to understand:

the meaning of life – is there a life after death – can astrology guide our lives – psychic experiences – all the manifold mysteries of existence.

This stimulating magazine can be yours to enjoy every other month at the following special prices:

Instead of the regular $2.50 cost to you, just send $2 for EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN for one year (six issues). Or send $4 for two years (twelve issues). (Add 50c for foreign subscriptions.)

Use the coupon below, or a facsimile, if you do not want to mutilate this magazine.



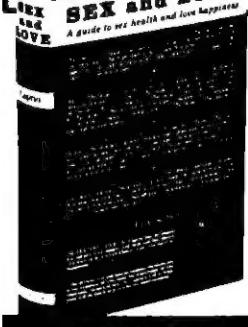
EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN, Dept. FSF 3
HEALTH KNOWLEDGE, INC.
119 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003

Enclosed is my remittance of $..... for my subscription to EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN as follows:

☐ 1 year subscription (6 issues)
☐ 2 year subscription (12 issues)

NAME ..... *Please*
ADDRESS ..... *print*
CITY, STATE, ZIP No. ..... *legibly*

Now—A Noted Doctor Shows You How to Enjoy a Healthy, Satisfying Married Sex Life Filled with Happiness and Love!



WIVES!

- How to prepare for the honeymoon!
- Listening to your "sex instinct"!
- How much sex is healthy!
- What to wear to "tease" a man!
- Secrets of bedroom grooming!
- How to kiss with fire and passion!
- 10 best ways to arouse your husband!
- "Normal" and "abnormal" sex acts!
- Manipulating male sex organs!
- 5 ways to please a man in bed!
- The magic power of sexual surrender!
- How to reach the sex climax together!
- Technique of the "multiple orgasm"!
- Advanced techniques of afterplay!
- How to make your husband "immune" to other women's charms!
- How to solve common sex problems!
- Sex fun after "change of life"!

HUSBANDS!

- How to "break in" a bride!
- How to overcome sex shyness!
- How to warm up the frigid wife!
- Avoiding "psychological castration"!
- How to overcome impotence!
- How to take advantage of a woman's moods!
- Bedroom grooming for men!
- What women like most!
- Ending the "sex strike"!
- How to be boss in the bedroom!
- How to delay your climax and prolong it!
- Sex act positions and variations!
- How to get as much sex as you want!
- How to spot the unfaithful wife!
- 5 keys to sex-love harmony in marriage!
- Sex and love in your later years!

HERE'S HOW TO RECAPTURE WEDDING-NIGHT BLISS — AND MAKE YOUR MARRIAGE A "LIFETIME HONEYMOON"!

NOW, at last, one of America's greatest authorities on married love has prepared the master work of his life on SEXUAL INTERCOURSE . . . a book that tells you — in plain English — exactly how you can attain the ideal sexual bliss you've always longed for — the perfect body-soul communion that makes your marriage truly a heaven on earth!

Please do not think this is an "ordinary" sex manual. It isn't! The SEX-LOVE methods so vividly described by Dr. Frank Caprio are **totally unknown to 99 couples out of 100,** even those who have been married for years. These advanced sexual techniques turn ordinary love-making into hours of pleasure — make every sex episode completely satisfying for your self and your mate!

Now, don't let the words SEXUAL INTERCOURSE embarrass you for a minute. Many folks shy away from talking about something so private, so personal . . . yet how can something that holds a marriage together — that improves your health — that gives men and women such supreme pleasure — that creates tiny babies — and increases the love between you and your mate — be anything but good and wholesome?

That's why Dr. Caprio pulls no punches in this book — why he spells out everything to do step-by-step, in plain English. And drawing after drawing make every step crystal clear. There's no false modesty or Victorian prudery here!

1,001 SEX SECRETS!

In this amazing book, Dr. Caprio reveals little-known facts about the structure and function of the male and female genital organs, teaches you advanced techniques of using the vaginal and pelvic muscles to achieve and lengthen orgasm, goes into every detail of erotic play with lips, fingers, breasts, and "love spots".

But that's only the beginning! Page after page is packed with exciting details on how to make sex a total body-soul expression of love — everything from how to get ready for bed to advanced "afterplay" techniques that may actually DOUBLE your capacity to give and receive sexual pleasure!

AGE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE!

No matter what your age — 25, 45, even 60 or older — this book will lift you to peaks of sexual fulfillment and marital happiness you've never imagined!

If you and your beloved are engaged, it will make your honeymoon and later life an idyll of shared joy. If you are a young couple, it will enrich your love-life with a variety of new experiences and help you find ideal sexual adjustment.

And if you and your spouse are getting along in years, this book will help you rekindle mutual passion and once again find sex gratification and enjoyment.

HAS HELPED THOUSANDS!

Here are just a few of the thousands of men and women in all walks of life who have been helped by Dr. Caprio:

- Allen E., a teacher, who was afraid to even touch his wife. Once he discovered the secret of a woman's emotional makeup, his marriage was saved from disaster!
- Anne P., a housewife, "endured" sex because of an overprotective mother. Here's how she switched over to a more active sex role — and provided herself and her husband with the thrill of their lives!
- Roland M. and his wife, who for many years had been enmeshed in an unpleasant erotic game of sadism and masochism that left both feeling empty and unhappy. You'll see how they began a new life of sexual joy and fulfillment by making one small change in their relationship!

Just as Dr. Caprio helped these frustrated, miserable people find new hope and happiness, so will he help you in the pages of this book!

TRY THESE STARTLING NEW SEX TECHNIQUES FOR TEN FULL DAYS AT OUR RISK!

If you want the exquisite sexual joy and marital happiness that is rightfully yours, if you're not satisfied with just "half a loaf" of love, then send for this wonderful book today by filling out and mailing the coupon below, together with only $5.95, for a 10-day no-risk trial.

After 10 days, you must be convinced that this is the most remarkable book on sex and love ever published, and that it will help you make your marriage a "lifetime honeymoon" — or simply return it for a full refund of every cent. MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

TRY THESE TECHNIQUES FOR 10 DAYS

—MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!—

FAIRVIEW BOOK CO. **Dept. FSF-2**
401 WEST 13th STREET, N. Y., N. Y. 10014

Yes! Rush me a copy of Dr. Frank S. Caprio's SEX AND LOVE for a 10-day No-Risk Trial. I enclose $5.95 with the full understanding that I may return this book for a complete refund of every cent after 10 days, if I'm not 100% satisfied for any reason. I am over 21.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Enclosed $_____